

Vol. XV

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905

No. 24.

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SAINT LOUIS



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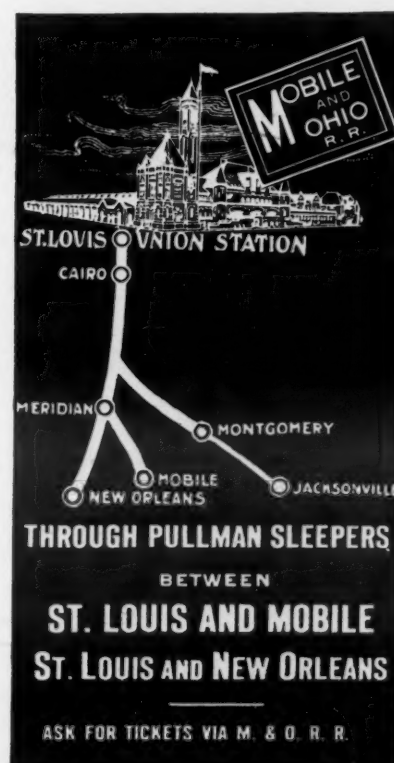
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VOL. XV.—No. 25

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

"The World's Greatest Love Story"

BEGINNING in the next issue and continuing through several succeeding numbers the MIRROR will publish what has been called "the world's greatest love-story."

It is not a new tale, but a uniquely simple and beautifully told version of an old one. It is "THE ROMANCE OF TRISTAN AND ISEULT."

Many, if not most of us, know it from the pages of Malory, or from Wagner's great music-drama, but this version which the MIRROR will present is a pellucid narrative of a word-witchery all its own. The tale is not more than its telling.

The story is from the French of J. Bedier, Englished by Hilaire Belloc and as a work of artless literary art it is such a rarity as justifies its publication in serial form in the MIRROR for the delight of those who can delight in the exquisitely delightful.

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Are You a Lawyer?

By W. M. R.

WOULDST be immune from the law, unless thouds't break into jail by violence against its bars? Go and get you a lawyer.

Wouldst run a fake bank, gathering in the shekels of the avaricious and cupidinous poor by promising interest that never can be earned? Be a lawyer and draw up the plans so as to keep just within the dead line of theft and fraud and embezzlement. Or have a lawyer to show you how.

Wouldst run a felonious race track to fleece the public when running such a track is by law declared a felony? Get a lawyer to tell you how to do it in defiance of the law.

Wouldst run a get-rich-quick scheme showing how you can invest money on horse races and make 3 per cent a week? Get a lawyer to show you how to evade the postal laws.

Wouldst make money at boodling a street railway consolidation through a Legislature? Get a lawyer to deal with the men who want money for their votes. He'll show you how money can be paid to such without violation of the statutes against bribery.

Wouldst do anything to get money, no matter how but get money, and escape the penitentiary? A lawyer can be found who'll show you how to do it without breaking the law.

You can't always get ordinary, common lawyers to do it. You can always get extraordinary good lawyers, to do these things—ex-Federal judges, ex-Supreme Court judges, ex-Appellate judges, ex-Circuit judges—if you can pay enough.

They'll help you fix up the literary dope or bait so it will go through the mails, so it won't promise what it promises, so it will defraud the victim in ways not covered by the statutes, so it will be perfectly legal and at the same time crookeder than a dog's hind leg. They'll tell you, if you can pay enough, how to do what any law forbids without violating that law. You can lie, rob, steal, embezzle, bribe or defy the courts if you can buy a lawyer to tell you how. Doubtless a good lawyer could tell you how to kill a man without suffering for it, if you gave him money enough.

We have long known a lawyer could be right and do anything to get you off after you had broken the law, on the theory of your innocence.

But now you go to the lawyer before hand, tell him the crime you want to commit against your fellow man and he'll show you how to commit it without doing so against the law. A real good lawyer, preferably an ex-judge of profound respectability, is what you want if you want to do criminal things in legal form. You can't get along without him.

If you did things on a layman's advice that you do on lines laid down by a lawyer, you and the layman would both do time. The lawyer shows you how to sin and provides the way to escape.

The more eminent and daring the scoundrel and his scoundrelly scheme in fianance or legislation or any kind of law breaking, the more eminent and distinguished and highly reputable his lawyers.

Just now in St. Louis this lawlessness directed by lawyers is in evidence colossally—in the Lewis bank case, in the race track rebellion, in the get-rich-quick concerns, in the stand of attorneys on their rights as lawyers in boodle investigations. And what a distinguished bunch they are—count 'em, all ex-judges! No need to name names.

The law was once an honorable profession—according to tradition. To-day, and here more glowingly than elsewhere, the lawyer is the accessory before the fact in every crooked project that can provide him a fee.

Verily: "The sting of death is sin: and the strength of sin is the law. (I Corinthians 15:56.)"

Reflections

Nan Patterson's Backsliding

NAN PATTERSON has gone back to the race-track and the lobster palaces of Broadway and the jockeys and the Johnnies. Already she is condemned for it. But is it fair? What can she do? The gay life calls and will not be denied, and for the gray life she is unfit, because it aggravates her restlessness. The good people who had maudlin sympathy for her in her trouble don't want her. They wouldn't know what to do with her; nor she with them. She has no trade—but the sad old first trade of woman, to which the signs are she is returning. It's all very fine to sneer at Nan's repentance—but the woman must live, or, at least, she thinks so, being no more mistaken on that point than the rest of us. It's hard to be decent and pinched, when you've lived in the lights and to music on fine viands and exalting wines, when one is young. To be sure, the end of the lights and the music and the wine is—you'll find it in Master Francois Villon's "Fair Helm-Maker Grown Old;" but the curse of Venus is that her votaries and votaresses, even when sated, cannot "let go." And so to the tune of "Back, Back to Baltimore," back the poor Nans slide—to the race track, the brothel, the gutter, the workhouse, the morgue. It takes a strong woman once fallen to struggle back alone to goodness. Few strong women fall. Poor Nan! Why condemn her? Let her have her hour in the midnight sun of the Tenderloin. She can't be cured. Maybe we can cure the conditions that drift her there. Maybe not. Anyhow, she may want to forget, and it's charity to let her do so, in her own way, since she'll have it so, and we haven't anything practical to suggest that is better. But we may quit making more Nans with our many lusts—lusts of the flesh, of the gold, of the living of life. Some of the able editors, like him of the Kansas City Star, who jeer at Nan, should read Rossetti's "Jenny," and think a little. They'll find that Nan, while only a frail woman, is something more. She is a necessary product of civilization. She is a symptom of economic disease. She is a part of the great, universal, ever-pressing bread-and-butter question, even more than she is as Lecky said, "a priestess of humanity blasted for the sins of the people." She is "a wicked woman." Why does she do it? Why does Rockefeller do it, or Hyde, or Alexander, or Depew, or John Hipple Mitchell, or People's Bank Lewis, or Armour, or the Beavers and Machens, and the crop-dope leakers, or the "indiscreet" Loomis, or the vindicated Morton? Why, oh why? Because "they need the money." And why do they "need the money?" Because if you get not money you are crushed to earth, and the masters walk over you, if they cannot

use you, or you cannot amuse them. Prostitution comes from poverty confronted with luxury, and there are colossal prostitutions in business and politics for money as vile in their splendor as that of Thais or Phryne, or *La Grosse Margot*, or little Bertha Claiche who, the other day, in New York, shot her *macquereau* because he beat her for not giving him enough of her wages of sin. Sometimes I think there never was but one great philosopher, to-wit, the *Panurge* of Rabelais—*Falstaff* probably a good second—and he was such because he was “naturally subject to a kind of disease which . . . they called lack of money.” *Panurge* chiefly scorned thrift, “Everybody,” says he, “cries up thrift, thrift and good husbandry, but many speak of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow.” And the creator of *Panurge* had his vision too—the abbey of Theleme, where there were no “Thou shalt nots,” and women were free in honor and men were brave and strong and the money-motive entered not at all. This was *Pantagruel’s* refuge from the world of cozening men and women cozeners of the cozeners. But we have made a wide backward detour from Nan Patterson, haven’t we? Yes, but she is inescapable in any age or part of the world where money has sway; she is the first and saddest sacrifice, in all her joy, to the greed that poisons all the sweetness and plenty of life. If this time had a Rabelais! But it has only a Lawson. Still it has its George Bernard Shaw and he has written “Mrs. Warren’s Profession,” and therein you will find the explanation, the justification, the condemnation of Nan Pattersonism as a symptom of *Panurge’s* disease epidemic in modern society.

SCAT CAT!

AND H. Clay Pierce was caught on “Fads and Fancies” for \$2,500. “There’s no use talking; them rich people do have money”—and such exquisite taste.

THEY’RE going, possibly, to dig the Panama ditch by private contract, after all. They’ll take the risk of jobs and steals as less than the loss of time and money due to red tape. Something in that, but not everything.

Tom Watson

THERE’S good reading and good writing still to be found in the magazines; as for instance *Tom Watson’s Magazine*, where the editorials by Tom himself are models of vigorous style, whatever you may think of the thoughts. His editorial on his own recent convalescence from illness is an unique and individual gem of humor and hope and pathos and defeat and courage and weariness and still hope and courage. This and indeed the whole editorial feature of the magazine is the kind of personal note that’s good for everybody. Tom Watson can write. All in his magazine that isn’t he, is negligible, bad crust for mighty good sweetness. He’s the only editorialist in New York City worth reading after, except the young men on the *Sun*.

TO-DAY at American League Park there will be played a ball game “for the benefit of all the orphans of St. Louis” between the Doctors and the Druggists. How appropriate! Doctors and druggists are among our most proficient orphan-makers.

THAT excellent paper, the *Memphis News-Scimitar*, has this line across its page of real estate advertisements: “The man who owns the land has the world at work for him.” Right. Therefore, the man who owns the land, and shouldn’t, ought to pay the world for its services, in taxes. The man who owns land doesn’t use it. The people use it. The

land belongs to *all* the people and landlordism great or small, is dispossession of the real owners.

THE *Kansas City Star* suggests that we also need a Hall of Shame in this country.

THE way to clean out the racing thieves in St. Louis County is to clean them out. People who openly defy the law are outlaws.

“THE lid” is hurting the business of cigar-makers and dealers and the manufacturers of soft drinks more than it is hurting the brewers.

About St. Louis Real Estate

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears a carefully thought-out though brief article on “The West’s Land and Bank Boom.” It prophesies disaster, but there is a land boom in St. Louis that is not characterized by evil symptoms. The land boom in St. Louis is not an extreme specimen. It is a moderate boom and prices have not gone up so startlingly as to seem like the evidence of irrationality. In St. Louis people are buying ground in urban additions for three reasons. First, high finance crookedness has affected disastrously faith in other investments, or in the men who manage the properties. Second, rents in St. Louis went away up during the World’s Fair, and foolish property owners have failed to see the necessity of reducing those rents, a condition which makes exasperated renters look for homes of their own on easy payments. Third, St. Louisans have made a good deal of money in the past three years as a result of the World’s Fair disbursements of cash, and this money is being put into land, which is recognized as the base of property wealth. These are natural conditions. There have been several big realty auctions but the prices obtained have not been exorbitant enough to justify fear of foreclosures. Building activity is great. This is due to the high rents that induce prospects of profit on flats, etc. Furthermore, people are getting away from down town. Business is driving them out. The factory moves into a neighborhood. The home owners take flight to more residential places. The boarding house succeeds the home, and then the negro tenant follows, finally the lower floors are transformed into stores and then the big store or factory comes to occupy the site of three or four or a dozen dwellings. Property owners who won’t improve their property find themselves “left.” The old, big, abandoned dwellings stand idle because the renters and roomers go west. The realty boom in the outlying parts of the city, is, therefore, justified by conditions, the more so as prices are fair and not at all extravagant, at least, not yet, and the tendency seems to be to keep the movement in slight check. It is doubtful if in some of the larger deals there has been so much “unloading” as some people suspect. Proportionately as many people have been seeking to buy as have been looking to sell, and there has been nothing feverish about the market, even though the newspaper advertising has been heavy. There are a great many “For Rent” signs in the central part of the former residential sections where the World’s Fair boarding house flourished last year, but this is due to the fact that those sections are mostly being encroached upon by the elements driven up town by the expansion of the business localities. Between high finance and the fancy finance of the get-rich-quicksters it is natural that people having money and no confidence in those who have stocks or other investments to offer, should turn to the land, which is always there. It is evident to anyone reading the details of recent land sales here that there is very little speculative buying. The people, not the “op-

erators,” are in the market. As for the building boom, that, too, is natural. Prior to and during the Fair building prices were high, and everybody knew it. Now, the prices are not much lower, but the fact is not so generally known. It may be that the building now in progress is being carried on under general and heavy borrowing, for which there must come a settlement day that will cause some sad crippling, but the building contractors are cheerful, and not worrying over later payments, and the owners of the land on which the buildings are going up are remarkably sanguine. These are conditions not ominous of disaster. They might be if the real estate activity was more intense, but it is just the moderation of the activity which goes so far to convince one that it is normal. If, as the writer upon “The West’s Land and Bank Boom” says, “a financial tornado is gathering its forces of destruction,” those forces will have little play here. St. Louis is still steady. St. Louis realty prices are not dizzying. Dervish “operators” attract little attention. The fact is that a great law is working out. The people are getting back to first principles, back to the land and down from the clouds of speculation, away from the desperate gambling chances in uncertain securities manipulated by the speckled financiers. St. Louis real estate is “good,” because there has been no inflation. There may be a collapse in the already shaky stock market, but the land is “always there.” Up to now it does not seem that this city’s realty boom has been overdone, but that is the better reason why a warning should not be given against overdoing it. Money rushing into real estate is “running to cover” before a storm it scents afar off, but a panic rush is to be averted. It seems that the special conditions in St. Louis are all healthful because natural. There are no signs of artifice in stimulating real estate activity, and, indeed, the public seems to be buying with rare discrimination. Moving around town, the observer sees that the properties that have long lain dead, remain dead. Where there are moribund neighborhoods there are perfectly patent causes for the moribundity. In the main, however, St. Louis property is all good. The great Southwest is growing. St. Louis can’t help growing with it. St. Louis will have its million population in due time. It is not a city given to “wild-cating” or to frenzies, and it never has been. It didn’t lose its head before the Fair or during the Fair, and it won’t lose its head now that the Fair is in the past. If there be ominous portents of trouble in the general business of the country, as many aver, it is not to be forgotten that St. Louis is only just come into its own, and that the investment of money here is safer than anywhere else in the country, solely because there is no other city in which conservatism is so well established a characteristic, because the causes for activity here are natural results of the World’s Fair and the advertising the city had from that event, because our trade territory is growing tremendously, because the people are coming this way, and the coming of the people it is that works at increasing land values, while the land owner sleeps or feasts or goes upon a journey. If the “tornado” is coming real estate is about the only thing that can’t be blown away. Riddled and wrecked schemes like that of Lewis of the People’s United States Bank only serve to direct us to the land. St. Louis is the safest place in the country to-day for investments in ground. Vanishing pipe-dreams, fading bubbles, exploding hot-air schemes, high finance crookedness—they all combine to enforce the wisdom of putting one’s money into a growing town that has been growing long enough and steadily enough to evoke no comparison with the mushroom.

St. Louis realty is good either in fever time or time of reaction.

PRIME MINISTER BALFOUR, too, has some mutineers on his hands, in Parliament. They are Irishmen, and they are mutineers that won't be muted.

THE Innocent Bystander China, straggles into the Russo-Japanese negotiations with something of the solemnholo ridiculousness which marked the Mysterious Stranger, Missouri's entrance to the Republican column.

THE Western Union Telegraph Co. aids and abets the race track law-breakers by paying for racing information to be sold to pool rooms. The authorities should cut the wires. The Western Union also supports the illegal bucket shop gambling game controlled by the racing felons. Prosecute the Western Union.

Not for Dave

ONCE again it is my proud pleasure to nail a lie. It was reported in the dispatches that *Town Topics* had received from David R. Francis \$1,500 for a glorification of himself in the book, "Fads and Fancies." This is a lie. The money was to have come out of the World's Fair funds. The Fair was to be glorified, and, of course, without mention of the man who got the money from the Fair. Mr Francis loathes publicity, and he does the great loathing act mostly even at the camera's mouth.

WE had thought that Gen. Leonard Wood, Col. George Waring and Contractor M. J. Dady had abolished yellow fever, in its home at Havana, but here is Saffron John rampant in New Orleans, which has also been expending millions on sanitation. The mosquito is to blame for the fever, according to the doctors and the mosquitoes have to be exterminated. The work has begun. A dispatch to Monday morning's *Republic* says "a circular has been directed against the mosquitoes."

MR. CARNEGIE indorses Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis for one of the Nobel prizes, a \$40,000 one, because of his work for peace on earth. We are proud of our Congressman from the brewery district, and more than ever convinced that "Budweiser," "Falstaff" and other brands of St. Louis beer are the world's greatest civilizers.

Miss Kelly's Romance

MYRA KELLY's going to get married, if she hasn't already, and bully for her. Her stories of the East Side school kids of New York, little micks and guineas and sheenies and polskis, with the feminines thereof, are the best things that have come out of great, grimy, sinful Gotham in many a day. They're all in a book, or maybe two books, now, for I read 'em in *McClure's Magazine*. All real kids they are, some of 'em undressed kids, too, and their mammas and papas keep butting in with charming irrelevancy to everything but the necessity of Miss Kelly's art and the reader's enjoyment. They say, the papers, that Miss Kelly's male parent forbade the banns, too, and cut up terrible when the feller come to take her away. Fine! Gee, but he's a bully daddy to make it all come like a book that-a-way, like she'd wrote it her own self. Wa'at? Fixed it that-a-way to advertise! Aw, gwan, youse!

HENRY W. SAVAGE, the bean-fed impressario, declares he is going to get away from the idiotic musical comedy and present legitimate light opera. May he never go broke, but where's he to get his Offenbachs, Millockers, etc.? There are but few Americans even suspected of capability to write legitimate

light opera, and they are DeKoven, Victor Herbert, Robyn. As for librettists, who is there but Smith, the indefatigable and the inane? We wish Col. Savage all possible luck, but the music that goes is that of Charles K. Harris.

are too high. They must come down.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON will not resign until he has framed his report on the gold brick crop and the green goods yield. He will see that there are no leaks. In farming the farmer, the Bureau of Agriculture seems to be the acme of that art and science.

Shudderful Sights in Texas

HOUSTON, Texas, reports strange things. "Near the sand hills in South Texas a monstrous and curious reptile has been captured by three hunstmen, who trailed it a day. It appears to be of the lizard family, and is 5 feet 9 inches long. Nothing like it has ever been seen in Texas. It is now in the possession of Robert Ritter of Corpus Christi. The head is hard and horny, with two piercing, restless eyes. On its feet are toes of unequal length. The tail is half the length of the body, which is crowned with spikes. The tail is tipped with a bony spear. The creature ran with great speed when pursued, but was trapped on its return to its lair." Ah-ha! "Nothing like it has ever been seen in Texas." Certainly not. But worse things will be seen soon in Texas. There's nothing that gives the gift of phenomenal percipency like the shutting off on the tippie of the Texan. Have we not read in other dispatches that reform has seized Houston and other towns in Texas by the æsophagus? We have. Isn't "the lid" on tight in Dallas and Galveston and Fort Worth? It sure is. This vision in the Texas sand hills is but the precursor of such things as have never smote the eye of man since John saw things in Patmos. A lizard whose toes are not mates is nothing to what will come upon the Lone Star people condemned to excruciating thirst. See what we are beginning to see under the lid in St. Louis: a CAT chasing the bears off the State seal, a spook bank hypnotist trying to make Uncle Sam believe that 2 minus 6 equals eleven. It's dangerous, very dangerous, to cut off the drink. Pretty soon Joe Bailey will see himself running for President, and Charlie Culberson will think that he is going up in a balloon, which is only an inflated Jim Hogg, and Col. Charles Asbestos Edwards will be seeing his own voice as it sounds to others when he puts up a roar, and Bill Sterrett will see the Alamo transformed into an automobile garage. Yes indeed, the benefits of an enlarged field of vision are due in Texas. Col. Guffey, the oil magnate, and Col. Kirby, the lumber mogul, will see Louis Wortham dammed in his copiousness of verbosity, and Col. Tom Campbell will see himself elected Governor or Senator, or both. The "lid" in Texas is going to enable the gifted people down there to observe such things as never could have been seen since the "hunting of the Snark." Was this reptile in the sand hills a snark or was it a boojum? Corpus Christi! Is it the Beast of the Apocalypse? Isn't the Apocalypse the lifting of the lid?

Awful

AND our Little Rolla Wells was caught "for a dignified sum" for inclusion with the heavy swells in *Town Topics* "Fads and Fancies." What an *édition de luxe* the book would be. Rolla's fad is the Chesley Island garbage garden. His fancy is Joseph

Pea Whyte, for a Grand Vizier. To leave our Mayor out of the book with his fads and fancies would be an offal mistake.

The Bicycle's Return

BICYCLES are coming into favor once more, but not in the big cities. The machine will whizz and whirr in the streets of small towns and along country roads, making way, of course, for the smell-wagon. Well, the bicycle is a useful thing. It did much for woman—emancipated her largely from the corset, made her unashamed of the fact that she had legs, and gladdened us by showing them. The bike is again being numerously manufactured in patterns strong, rather than pretty, since the machine is being taken up for usefulness rather than for pleasure. There won't be any bicycle craze—that's been done with, but goodness gracious, how olden golden seem the days that were when we knew a goddess whose leggings were the acme of molded modeled grace and—"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do! I'm half crazy, all for the love of you. It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—but you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two." Wasn't that the way it went? And we all tripped to it, or pedaled, perhaps, is better. The goddess afore-said wouldn't show her leggings now—good reason why. But enough of this—the bicycle is come back, and here's welcome to it!

Jey Ban Gude Fellers

ALL's serene in Norway and Sweden and Minnesota and Wisconsin and Nebraska, and other parts of Scandinavia. Yon Yonson, Governor, and Knute Nelson, Senator, Democrat and Republican of Minnesota, have signed a peace protocol. And "the Norsk Nightingale," Mr. W. F. Kirk, continues to sing charming lyrics in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. The only warlike Scandinavian now at large in this country is Tom Lawson, and his is only poetic rapture of the fight. He is skalding "the System."

Some Stories.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY is not the greatest modern novelist, but he can make real the impossible and weld myth and history, and with a delicate grace unsurpassed in latter times. His tale, "The Dryad," (Harper & Brothers, New York), is as rich and rare a work of fancy, grafted upon romantic realism as has been known since "Undine" was written. There's no better summer book. It's like baked ice cream, the love affair of a wood-goddess of pre-Christian days, and a mortal in the midst of war and lust and rapine, and her sacrifice of soulless immortality for the boon of mortal death and the birth of a soul therein for love of a young knight without stain. There's a soldier of fortune than whom none has been better drawn since Conan Doyle gave us *Decimus Saxon* in that great novel, "Micah Clarke," unhappily occultated by the banal *Sherlock Holmes* work. There's a villainess, too, more villainous than anyone since Dumas' *Milady*, with a villainy which not even Elita Procter Otis in her best days of villainesquery in the London melodramas of half a dozen years ago could encompass. Then, too, there's some good fighting in the book, and some better poetry—just snatches of it—especially the dedication—worthy of the translator of Hafiz. "The Dryad" is as good a summer book as I know, if you want to get away utterly from Folk and Jerome and Lawson and Rockefeller and the Equitable and "the whole dungy earth" that with clamor of obscene tongues would drown out the still, small, wistfully sweet song of dainty dream. If there's another book, not of the immediate recent in the bookseller's lists which I would have you read in diapered shade to

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lisp of leaves, and not in "The Dryad" vein, but even more of fancy all compact, it is the all too little known "Little White Bird," by J. M. Barrie, (Scribners, New York). Would you escape all the problems and the reformers and the cranks? Embark for Athens just after the crusades with Huntly McCarthy in "The Dryad," and then to Kensington Gardens, "the pleasantest club in London," there to meet some little folks, and big ones, too, whom you will say, crossing your heart, are the dearest and most delightful of all the inhabitants of the charted or uncharted Lands of Tenderness, with all their castles in Spain. *Embarquons nous!*

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Worse and Worse

WHAT has been John D. Rockefeller's chief crime? Fishing in troubled waters with the wrong bait. What kind of bait? The rebate! We know this is a Tarbell pun, but the protraction of the discussion justifies desperate devices to change a subject upon which we have all reached a point of agreement, to-wit: That Rockefeller is a mighty poor specimen of a latter-day John the Baptist.

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THOSE who had their money in the Salmon bank appear to have awakened only too late to what the "pull" can do. The pull is now exerted to keep the bank out of the Federal courts and in the hands of friends of the institution.

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Resuscitating Cockrell

DEMOCRATIC members of the Missouri Legislature who voted for Senator Cockrell for another term are going to visit him on October 3d—perhaps to apologize. It was an awful thing to give Cockrell those eighty-three votes for all those ballots, when you think of some who made up the eighty-three, and the narrow escape they had from serving the State at the other end of the capital city. But ex-Senator and present Interstate Commerce Commissioner Cockrell is a good old boy, and will be generous and forgive all, all—all but his nomination for President in an attempt to use him to head off Folk from the Governorship. And the legislators will try to forget that Cockrell got Cook and Allen on the ticket only to beat it. Oh, it will be a love feast down at Warrensburg on October 3d, and the viands will be funeral baked meats. For Cockrell may be aged, and he may dodder a little, but he won't permit himself to be used again as a stalking horse by the crowd who rallied around him only because he loaned them a certain respectability, and his name kept that of Francis in the background, whether for President or Senator. Warrensburg won't be another Moberly farce.

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WE need a stronger navy—as to its boilers. The Bennington disaster indicates a fatal delinquency in inspection of the central machinery.

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China and United States

WILLIAM and Nicholas are whispering mysteriously each to the other. It's probably a bluff, to frighten France and England, both of which are already frightened enough. Your Uncle Sam is neutral, but he'll look after the interests of poor old China in an oblique sort of fashion, and be in the everlasting Eastern imbroglio up to his neck.

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A Bas McChesney

OUT upon the atrocious Sam McChesney, the head and front of the Bridge Arbitrary. He's our great trade-killer. Here he is now, plotting to build a great depot and warehouse on land near the Union Station, to be devoted exclusively to the receiving of the freight of the city's great aggregation of shoe manufactories. It is clear that there is nothing that will prevent the diabolical Sam from murdering our

commerce in cold blood, except a lynching. He's in business only to strike it such foul blows as herein described. Down with—or shall it be up with?—Arbitrary Sam!

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THE *Post-Dispatch* is the only real game newspaper in St. Louis. Most of the others are "gamey," but that's different.

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What's Swanger?

How does the spook financier Lewis, of the People's United States Bank, reckon Mr. Secretary of State Swanger, as an asset or a liability? From his frequent changes of opinion and attitude towards the bank he would appear to be a very convertible asset, which, of course, makes him a decided unreliability. In the next statement of conditions let us hope that Mr. Secretary of State Swanger will be properly classified.

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JEAN JACQUES HENNER is dead, but he will not be forgotten of men while lives the red-headed woman of mystic, morbid, mordant charm, whom he alone could paint in all her sleek, slumbrous passionateness.

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Shea or No Bond Issue?

CITY COMPTROLLER JAMES Y. PLAYER delicately insinuates once more that the city needs an \$11,000,000 bond issue to carry on needed improvements. The citizens have refused to vote for bond issues since the World's Fair. They will not be likely to vote \$11,000,000 into the hands of the most unpopular administration the city ever had—unless, of course, Senator Kinney of the Fourth Ward will hold an election all by himself and decide that we need the money. But I hope Senator Kinney will not do this; not, at least, until Maurice Shea is restored to rank and full naval station upon the dump boat at the foot of Chouteau avenue, whence he was removed by that sea lawyer, Joe Whyte, for no other reason than that the boat sailed away from under the faithful tar while he slept aft watching and warding that destroyer of our municipal naval armament. Maurice Shea deserves better of us than that. Who has seen more statesmen to the car, and even piloted them in sea-going hacks beyond the reef of Jefferson avenue to the outer sea, from Kinney harbor, than Maurice Shea. The bond issue can't be carried without Kinney passes the word. But Kinney will not pass the word while all the political sea dogs who dock with him clamor for the reinstatement of Shea. Indeed, I much fear that if Shea be not given his berth on the vessel he loves so well, the good sea-hack *Kniaz Wand*, will be taken in charge by mutineers and levy tribute upon the St. Louis or Noonday Club. Maurice Shea is a master mariner. If his vessel got away from him in the night, what of it? Doesn't the poet tell us of ships that pass in the night? I warn the admiralty at the City Hall that it cannot make an Admiral Byng of Maurice Shea. If it tries to do so, the Mutiny of the Nore, that paralyzed all England will be surpassed. Kempfenfeldt lives immortally for losing the *Royal George*. Cowper sings him forever. Shall Maurice Shea be doomed to rust out his days in Kinney's snug harbor because he let a dump boat get away from him? It wouldn't have escaped if it had not been that Shea had put in a twelve-hour watch in the maintop trying to sight the *Annie Russell*, Russell Gardiner, admiral, which was reported reconnoitering the Southern littoral with intent to bombard Lemp's and Busch's with her heavy Moet & Chandon's, and her rapid fire Pommerys. Unless Maurice Shea gets back, gets back his Arab steed—I mean, his dump boat—Senator Kinney must hold out against the bond issue. THE MIRROR will back him up. So would all good citizens if they

could only see the pathos of the dejection of Able Seaman, yea, Master Mariner Shea, as he sits—for all the world like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," or Gilbert's even more tragic sole survivor of the *Nancy Bell*—and calls aloud, even as deep unto deep, for the dump boat that was taken away from him. It's a shame—that's what it is.

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Titillation

LOVELY reciprocity. Paul Morton, as Secretary of the Navy, was investigated in the Santa Fe case by William A. Dav, of the Attorney General's office. Mr. Morton was "vindicated." Mr. Morton resigned the Secretaryship of the Navy and became president of the Equitable. Mr. Morton appointed Mr. Day comptroller of the Equitable at a salary about five times as great as the government paid him. Further comment would obscure the facts in this beautiful case of mutual titillation.

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St. Louis Swellness

It is impossible to see how anything is going to stop St. Louis from getting into the first class of metropoli. There are five St. Louisans in the list of those who "coughed up the dough" for inclusion in the world's greatest Book of Snobs. Then a St. Louis man, Phillips Allen Clark, has married Miss Greta Pomeroy of the howlingest swells of the smart set. Yes, indeed; he married her right there at Newport, in the presence of Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish, the Harry Lehrs, the Pembroke Joneses, the Philip Lydigs, and a crowd of Astors and Vanderbilts and Goulds and such. Huh! The Catlins needn't think they're the mustard because Miss Irene has been at royal balls and noble weddings. The Clarks are the goods, with a scion actually married on the Ocean Drive. Little old St. Louis is gradually getting into its class, and some of the class are "getting into" St. Louis at from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a throw for a page and a half in "Fads and Fancies," each copy to be bound in the kind of skin the subscriber prefers. The kind of skin he prefers, eh? Just the same old skin game catches 'em all, taffy and salve and the elegant "bull con."

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A Plague of Swindlers

How many get-rich-quick concerns in St. Louis are now using the mails to mulct the public? The case of E. G. Lewis should not attract all the attention of the postal authorities. There are other fancy financiers at work, more wild-catters. And they all claim to work within the law. And they all have prominent politicians in their directories, as officers, alleged heavy investors or attorneys. At least a dozen big grafts are running in various big buildings. Attempts have been made to get the postal authorities to work on these cases, but the postal authorities decline to do so. They *must*—even if, as in the case of Lewis, they have to be shown. St. Louis should not get to be known as the swindlers' city. The city's business organizations should take up this matter of swarming get-rich-quicksters, some day when the representatives of the get-rich-quicksters in the organizations are not present. The banks, too, should take up the matter, for the sake of the city's reputation.

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Judge Spencer's Tools

GODLESS folk chortle because not long since a kit of burglar's tools was found in the office of that erst upright jurist and Christian gentleman, Judge Selden P. Spencer, who was so suddenly appointed receiver of the People's United States Bank. Why shouldn't the judge have a kit? *Raffles*, the ideal and idyllic burglar of the day, always wore evening dress. Judge Spencer is the only man in Missouri who wears either



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a tuxedo or a full dress suit every evening of his life. Judge Spencer had a *Bunny* in Mr. Swanger. And there doesn't seem now to be any way short of crib-cracking to get the money out of Lewis' bank, though Judge Spencer, having been ousted from the receivership, is not authorized to fall back on the kit. Judge Spencer will get some of the money out. Judge Spencer is spoken of in the Hamilton Club as a bird. He has put in his bill, and that will start the Pactolus flowing. The Judge does not need his kit. His bill will do. Hereafter let us beware of the man who in the Wild West wears evening clothes every evening of his life. He is likely to be a wicked person, such a man, for instance, as would try to get a fair share of a \$2,000,000 graft back to the people it belongs to, from a schemer officially branded a "fraud." If the bank is to be liquidated at all, the scheme may be that some friend or friends of Lewis will do it, taking good care that Lewis is not left out in the cold. If good friends of Lewis liquidate the bank, of course nothing will be found to hurt Lewis or start him stripeward. There are some good friends of Lewis who have had experience in winding up "busted" banks. It is a noble, if dilatory, yet profitable art. And it is so easy to discredit Judge Spencer to the end of getting a friend in to do the work, when the spook financier has such subtle editorial control over two dailies as to scare the Secretary of State and his stronger receiver away, with cries of "job." A receiver in whose office burglar's tools are found is unfortunate, but the bank is unfortunate that when it has been condemned as unsafe it is left in the hands of a man whom the Postmaster General and the United States Circuit Court have pronounced a fraud. "The bank should be wound up by its friends," is the cry. Yes; as the tariff is to be revised "by its friends."

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SPEAKING of St. Louisans who put up copious plunks for the "Fads and Fancies" book, how much did Col. Abe Slupsky disgorge for the two pages he occupies in the recently published delicious volume of "Essays of the Sun?" Col. Abe has all our swells beaten for he is embalmed in real literature, while they will live only in perfunctory write-ups. "Come, fill up the cupsky, to Col. Abe Slupsky!"

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Of the Breed of Heroes

JOHN BARRY O'MEARA, great-grandson of the father of the American Navy, Commodore "Saucy Jack" Barry, great grand nephew of Barry O'Meara, the surgeon who attended Bonaparte to see he didn't make away with himself at St. Helena, ex-Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, present major in charge of the inspection of rifle practice of Missouri's forces in the field, a distant relation of the Japanese-Irish generals, O'Yama and O'Ku—how would he do for a member of the Board of Police Commissioners? Why, he'd do for all three of 'em and the Mayor, too. He could speak to Chief Kiely and most of the force in their native tongue. He also speaks the *langue d'oc* of Missouri north of the river, and the *langue d'oeil* of the section south of the muddy waters. He is the man who would make the police what Wellington's Guards were—for the Wellesleys and the Barrys and O'Mearas come from the same part of the little Island that has furnished England with all her great warriors, poets, statesmen, essayists, actors, playwrights, scientists, *et cetera*, *et set* 'em up. Maj. O'Meara could teach them to drill as men drill nowhere except in his own quarries. Maj. O'Meara hasn't fought, bled and died for Folk and all the Folkian ideals, but he almost did so. He was so enthusiastic for Folk that he bet Folk would be elected, and the man with whom he made the wager told of it, and the Major lost his vote under the law.

A good stiff bet at the right time is often worth many votes. Where will Gov. Folk find a man better fitted for the heroic, the exaltedly ideal duties of the place?

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Simon Bowstrung

MAYOR WELLS has rid himself of the most popular, as well as most efficient appointive head of a department in his administration. The Mayor "tried" Dr. Simon, and the concocted case against him fell down completely. There was no fault found with Dr. Simon as an official until he listened to some friends who wanted to run him for Mayor when Wells was a candidate for renomination. Then the Doctor was spied upon by private detectives in the pay of the Mayor's private secretary day and night, subordinates were induced to rake up technical failures on their superior's part to comply with ancient ordinances. When at the "trial" witnesses were called to substantiate the charges they almost without exception, failed to prove their cases. There was nothing against Dr. Simon to convince an unprejudiced person that Simon was either corrupt or inefficient, but there didn't have to be. The case was not up to an unprejudiced person, but to Wells, who was prejudiced, and fired him for no better, or worse, reason than the singer in the old song had for disliking *Dr. Fell*. There's only this to be said, that to-day if Wells and Simon ran for the same office in St. Louis, however high or low, Dr. Simon would beat Wells by a vote of twenty to one. Simon is a bigger man than Wells, in the opinion of men of all parties. He is a sacrifice to the runt bigotry and stolid, stubborn woodenheadedness of a fellow shrinking up from the astringents distilled in his own personality.

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Odium Theologicum

AFTER all, was it a battle between the St. Louis University, Simon's school, and Washington University, Dr. Snodgrass' school, for the Health Commissionership. It is to be hoped that this religious phase of the muddle will not come into prominence, yet there are people who believe that Dr. Simon had to walk the plank because he was supposed to favor the Jesuits. But surely we've got beyond that in St. Louis.

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DID Dave and Rolla—our Dave and Little Rolla—pay to get in "Fads and Fancies" or to keep out of *Town Topics*? Are they marks from vanity or from fear? Did they give up real money or was Dave paid to lend his name to bait others into the trap? Great bargainer is Dave. Rolla—he just trails after Dave.

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ON the United States gunboat, with the leaky boilers, the sailor's one diversion is escaping with his life. One explosion costs the country more lives than a war with Spain.

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Suicide and the Lid

THE first saloon keeper to be punished for lifting "the lid" attempted suicide the other day. It is to be hoped that this form of protest will not become popular. "The lid" is an affliction, to be sure, but it can't stay on forever. It will have to be lifted sometime, and then just think how gladsome will the Sundays be. Suicide as a form of protest is peculiarly futile. If it counts at all the protestant isn't around to enjoy the effectiveness of his argument, and if a saloon keeper's a good fellow he has no right to kill himself and make a whole lot of other days bluer for those who liked him than ever was a blue Sunday. Our Teutonic saloon keepers should not despair because of "the lid" on Sunday. "There is a budding morrow in midnight." They

should reflect that the blue Sunday enables many of us to get up next morning without that blue Monday feeling. And besides if a saloon keeper really "stands in" with the police there isn't any Sunday lid for him, and he can sell beer at 15 cents a bottle on that day whereas he only gets 10 cents for it on week-days. The lid is getting to be a roaring farce in some quarters—and that is the beginning of the end of "the lid."

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Our Anti-Folk Police

GOVERNOR FOLK may think he controls the St. Louis police force. He does not. The police force is still being used as a club to punish people who are not friendly to the young man from St. Louis who contested the Democratic nomination with Mr. Folk. The police force still shuts its eyes to the felonies and misdemeanors upon which the friends of the ex-master of the police thrive. The police raid those not in line with the former boss, but they don't see the craps games, the hand books, the panel joints of those who were loyal to the ex-boss. The police are hammering those men who have been manifesting a tendency to political independence, closing up or running in their friends. The police are still an anti-Folk machine. And police graft is not stopped. "Protection" is still on sale—somewhere. There are too many friends of the former regime and enemies of Folk on the Board of Police Commissioners. The police force needs a Folk shake-up that will dislodge the tools of the former regime from places where they can, by raiding and clubbing and persecution, coerce the men in politics into line with the temporarily retired leader, or by favoritism build up the strength of that temporarily retired leader's parasites. Political policemen are working to-day under orders from an ex-President of the Board and that ex-President calls Folk "the gelding" and otherwise belittles him. A politician inclined to independence complained to a police official recently of the persecution of his friends and the favors shown his enemies. "What's wrong between you and the ex-President of the Board?" asked the police official. The police are being used under cover to hamper Folk. Men who hate and loathe Folk are still directing geniuses in the department. The Governor should know this.

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BEYOND doubt the wastest thing that ever was, is the Taft boom for the Presidency; but it may revive, for if the President is with Root, Miss Alice is with Taft, and the people are with Miss Alice, even against her papa.

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PROFESSOR BURKE, of Cambridge, seems to think he has discovered that radium can "produce life," at least, in sterilized gelatine. All the infidels are rejoiced at this evidence of the past errors of theology. There isn't any God—unless his name is Burke. But can Prof. Burke produce radium? Creation is not yet disproved.

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The Irish at the Top

WITH the Thomas F. Walshes sweeping all before them at Newport, and Thomas F. Ryan getting control of all the big insurance money of the country it begins to look as if Irish rather than English accent will be popular in swell society all over the land. And why not? "Ireland was a nation when England was a pup, and Ireland will be Ireland when England's busted up," yet the Irish have just a shade too much sense of humor ever to be ultra-society. For instance, the first thing Tom Walsh did at Newport was to go after a lawyer who pestered him with a blackmailing suit and force the shyster to show his hand in court. To be real swell you must "bleed" when the blackmailer touches you, and "bleed"

freely. But who ever saw anyone bleed green blood? It's only the bluebloods that would be, who are juicy bits for the blackmailer.

Summer's Delight

You can't beat the summer time, now can you? When, save then, can you see the pretty girl stop on the street, put her foot on a step and stoop over and fasten her loosened shoelace? She does it so quick, and so gracefully, too, and she's so mad if she thinks you looked at her too closely. But if she doesn't want to stoop, and wouldn't have us look, why does she wear low shoes with laces that won't stay knotted?

Poetry

EDWIN MARKHAM has a poem in a recent *Cosmopolitan* magazine. It's a very poor imitation of the earlier Swinburne and almost wholly unintelligible, though it is the first love poem of the man who wrote "The Man with the Hoe!" Edwin Markham is only a poet about of the rank of George Eliot and a little less than William Cullen Bryant. His "Virgilia" is a pretty punk reminiscence of the great "Poems and Ballads" of 1866. Indeed Mr. Markham's poetry is almost as bad as some that Swinburne himself has written in the last decade. Reading him one feels indeed that there has been "a slump in poetry" and that the cultivation of the muse is unproductive of anything but tares.



Tolstoi Conquers Russia

RUSSIAN diplomacy has long been famed as the most tortuously effective of all brands of that article. It remains to be seen whether it is not as much of a false alarm as Russian naval and military strength. Russia undoubtedly has prompted China to demand consideration of Japan, but the ruse is a plain copy of the trick that deprived Japan of the fruits of its victory over China. Russia only wants time to catch its wind for a renewal of the fighting. But Russia can't win. Its own armies fight against Russia. The fatalist soldiers die for Russia, or surrender to the Japanese. The way the Russians go to their doom and practically commit suicide in battalions to testify their hatred of their brutal and thieving masters, shows what a power a free Russia would be. Russia is conquered by Tolstoi. Non-resistance is the secret of the defeats. The men are ready to die, but not to fight for the over-lords. Russian diplomacy can never overcome such protest. It is deadlier than the bombs that annihilate a Sergius or a von Plehve. One can read it, however misunderstandingly written, in the reports of Stakelberg, Kuropatkin, Rodjestvensky. This quietism pervades all classes. The mujik has it in no worse form than the Grand Duke Vladimir, who, while his country is in defeat and disgrace, passes his time with a Paris singing girl on whom he squanders nightly the pay of a regiment of cossacks.



Mr. Robyn's Mass

By Pierre Marteau

THE most ambitious composition that Alfred G. Robyn has yet given the public is the Mass sung for the first time on Sunday, at St. Xavier's Church. This new work is yet another evidence of Mr. Robyn's great talent, and demonstrates conclusively his ability for serious work in the larger forms.

For the most part, Mr. Robyn has appropriately and adequately expressed the text of the Roman ritual, but at the end he sinks below the high level established in the beginning, and his setting of the *Agnus Dei* can hardly be commended. He finishes

the *Credo*, too, in obvious, commonplace fashion, but with these reservations his work is extremely beautiful, interesting, and impressive.

The salient features are the masterly treatment of the choruses—in which the composer has achieved some massive tonal effects and ingenious fugal passages—and the exquisite beauty of the infrequent solos. The *Gloria* is a superb piece of writing, and so, also, is most of the *Credo*, particularly the highly original and expressive *Et incarnatus est*, for bass solo, with a singularly beautiful organ part.

Mr. Robyn's work is of a character that will make it popular with organists and choir singers, as well as with listeners, and, from this point alone, must be regarded as a valuable addition to the musical literature of the Roman Catholic church.

From a single hearing, under more or less distracting conditions, it is impossible to judge this work in detail, and the general good impression obtained is in spite of the performance, which, except in isolated spots, was very bad indeed. The "large, selected choir," which interpreted the Mass, was a very ill-balanced body, with a preponderance of alto and a distressing uncertainty and lack of unity in the soprano part. A mezzo soprano, with a fine voice and excellent style, sang the solo in the *Gloria*, and also in the *Agnus Dei*. In the solo part of the *Benedictus* was heard a sweet voiced soprano, and the *Et incarnatus est* was sung by a basso with a magnificent voice, viciously produced. A voice in tatters and out of tune, worried the congregation with a preposterous *Ave Maria* sung at the Offertory.

The Woman at the Washtub

THE Woman at the Washtub,
She works till fall of night;
With soap, and suds, and soda
Her hands are wrinkled white,
Her diamonds are the sparkles
The copper-fire supplies;
Her opals are the bubbles
That from the suds arise.

The Woman at the Washtub,
Has lost the charm of youth;
Her hair is rough and homely,
Her figure is uncouth;
Her temper is like thunder,
With no one she agrees—
But the children of the alley,
They cling around her knees.

The Woman at the Washtub,
She, too, had her romance;
There was a time when lightly
Her feet flew in the dance.
Her feet were silver swallows,
Her lips were flowers of fire;
Then she was Bright and Early,
The Blossom of Desire.

O Woman of the Washtub,
And do you ever dream
Of all your days gone by you,
In your aureole of steam?
From birth till we are dying
You wash our sordid duds,
O Woman of the Washtub!
O Sister of the Suds!

One night I saw a vision
That filled my soul with dread;
I saw a Woman washing
The grave-clothes of the dead.
The dead were all the living,
And dry were lakes and meres.
The Woman at the Washtub
She washed them with her tears.

I saw a line with banners
Hung forth in proud array—
The banners of all battles
From Cain to Judgment Day.
And they were stiff with slaughter
And blood, from hem to hem,
And they were red with glory,
And she was washing them.

The Bulletin, Brisbane, Australia.

West's Land and Bank Boom

By Louis F. Post

THERE are signs of a condition which may overwhelm the "frenzied finance" System in general disaster without the aid of Mr. Lawson's plan for cutting the foundation from under it. These signs are significant (says the *Chicago Public*), of one of those great booms which, rounding out an era of so-called prosperity and culminating in general collapse, have periodically preceded an era of hard times. According to an observant Kansas City correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, business men of the middle West are asking whether one of these booms is upon them, and asking it oftener than any other question. This boom is especially affecting farming lands, and it reaches out to the very foothills of the Rockies. In Central Kansas, Central Nebraska, and the Eastern Dakotas, where farming land is well improved and notoriously productive, prices have for three years increased in value 20 per cent a year. But, says the correspondent, this is not a circumstance to the movement of lands in the semi-arid region, where thousands of speculators are trying to make fortunes out of the prairies, and the towns are filled with land-seekers and land sellers. Quarter sections here that sold for \$300 three years ago, now bring \$1,000; and even at this price they are bought

for a rise. With still greater significance, this land boom is accompanied by a bank boom, as in the antepanic period of the 30's of which Shepard tells in his "Martin Van Buren." Quoting a banker, the *Kansas* correspondent writes:

"Everybody seems to have the idea that fortunes are to be made in banking. The fact is that no one has grown rich in the Middle West out of banking alone. There are rich bankers, but they have made it out of speculation of one sort or another. Banking itself returns only moderate salaries and dividends, when all expenses and so forth, are charged off. Yet new banks by the score are being started. Every town of 1,000 people has, perhaps, two; scores of towns with only 300 people have a bank. Farmers think it gives them prestige to the bankers. On capital of \$10,000, deposits and loans of \$75,000 to \$150,000 are carried. What will happen when there comes a need for money? How long will it take to wipe out the bank?"

All this means financial disaster. It is the distinguishing symptom. Our periods of prosperity have always culminated in the crash of just such booms. They always seem to be localized, as in this case; but in fact they are general. Corresponding symptoms may be seen elsewhere by those who look intelligently. The high-priced building in the choice places of

flourishing villages, towns and cities, the high-priced farming land where farming flourishes and the high-priced lots in urban additions—all these plainly point to speculation in land and to a tendency in prices so high that probable utilization of land cannot stand the strain. But the same forces are at work where the symptoms are most distinctly speculation in prices of stocks instead of land; for the basic stocks represent landed investments of some sort—railway or other franchises, and mining rights or “industrials” heavily charged with monopoly privileges. Even speculative banking is, as the correspondent already quoted suggests, much more closely related to land speculation than is usually supposed. In some circumstances, all signs fail; but if any dependence at all is to be placed upon signs of industrial change, a financial tornado is gathering its forces of destruction.

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Recipe For a World

TAKE one man, one woman and a garden. Add an apple and a good fresh snake. Stir gently until the pot begins to boil, then drain off the apple and keep adding children. Simmer on a slow fire, then put on ice. Alternate between the two extremes, giving the whole a good sound basting when needed, turning slowly in a proper space. Keep adding time until the mass is of the consistency of a mud pie covered with ants. Multiply the inhabitants and garnish with villages, towns, cities and empires. Now introduce a little theology and enough Devil sauce to spice. Keep adding Battle, Murder and Sudden Death, and a good layer of Cant. Put plenty of salt in the water and sprinkle with bad society. When your world is finished, throw it in the fire and begin all over again. It's a good game to pass the ages with.

New York Life.

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Kindly Caricatures

(10) N. O. Nelson

EASILY first among all our intellectual aristocratic and affable anarchists, is Mr. N. O. Nelson. He is also a great manufacturer. He is also a philanthropist. There is no radical reform with which he is not in some sympathy. He is always ready to give a dinner at the club to anybody who has a panacea for social ills. Mr. Nelson is the entertainment committee for the Social Revolution in all its forms and phases and it all comes out of his profits in the manufacture of sanitary plumbing appliances. He has eaten more lunches and dinners to the coming of Utopia, with more political irreconcilables than any man on earth and then, too, no one who wars upon the Money Devil—for they all war upon the Money Devil one way or another—leaves St. Louis without a cheque of goodly size from N. O. N. A queer, rusty, bristly sort of man is Mr. Nelson, with a smile that is a compromise between a grim, sardonic grin and the traditional basket of chips. He is a soft-spoken sort of man, with a peculiar dry suavity. He has a philosophy of so many facets that one comes to believe that everything that isn't, in his opinion, is right. Some people think Mr. Nelson is erratic. Maybe he is, but he goes on making money all the time, and giving it away most of the time and believing that to be rich is to be disgraced. In St. Louis he isn't much of a much. He isn't in the public spirited organizations that exist to advertise their members. He doesn't play the public spirit racket at all. He isn't regarded as a prominent citizen and he isn't appointed by the Mayor or Governor on honorary committees for this,

that and t'other. The reason's plain. It's because he is a crank. His propositions always shock the business interests, because they are aimed at reforms that give the high-toned reformers the ding-batts. Mr. Nelson thinks of the *proletaires* first. The other big fellows think first how conditions can be improved to the benefit of business. Their idea of reform is to get things going so that nothing will be done to cost the people who have money, trouble or annoyance or money. He believes in trades unions even. He is against monopoly. He has founded a co-operative colony of his employees at Leclair, Illinois, and profit sharing is in operation among his employees in St. Louis. Leclair is a success, but N. O. Nelson is the king of the colony. He is a kindly king to be sure, but a boss nevertheless. What he says goes and the liberty the people have is liberty to agree with him. When they don't agree with him, they have sense enough to get out. He types well the benevolent despot idealized by Socrates and Plato as the best realization of happiness under government. He is an autocrat anarchist. Just what share some of his employees get out of his profit-sharing in his big store and factory no one knows, but some of them get a very small share. The men who leave Mr. Nelson's employ usually speak ribaldry concerning his experiment. Their profits have been almost exclusively nominal. Men who remain with Mr. Nelson say little. They don't get rich rapidly and their share in the business never gets very big. They say Mr. Nelson is a nice man, though, and that's something. He's an intellectual man, too, always receiving at the store wild looking fellows whose pictures appear in the papers as overturners of society. Mr. Nelson appeals but slightly to the workers in his role of cultivating anarchy on a little Chateau Yquem and cigars at two for a quarter, but Mr. Nelson is a good employer and so the workers stay with him and give a sort of bored attention to his oddities. He was a great admirer of Golden Rule Jones, the famous Mayor of Toledo. He is an enthusiastic single taxer. He worships Tolstoi, and his greatest grief in many a day was when Prince Kropotkin, the Nihilist, couldn't come to St. Louis and receive social attentions from him. Mr. Nelson is a man who is little seen in St. Louis. The big rich fellows don't like him. They class him as dangerous. He laughs at them, and that's treason. They don't understand how such a “bug” can do so well in business. They don't see how a man with his ideas can do business, since his proclaimed first principle is to “do” nobody. He has too many irons in the fire, intellectually, they think. And then how absurd for a man to think the men who work for him should have a say in the running of his factory. It is even more absurd for him to go away out to California and establish in the most flowery part of that blessed land a great resort for consumptives. Why, it's so absurd that his work is hardly known here. That isn't the way to be a public spirited citizen. The approved way is to get up and spout at public meetings and fuss around on the Merchants Exchange floor, or in Business Men's League, or the Manufacturers' Association, give money publicly to funds that will have the lists printed in the papers, have your picture in all the papers, too, and quit right there. Mr. Nelson, however in spite of his refusal to do these things is known all the world over wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of a better humanity, in settlement working quarters in East London, in the Socialist *brasseries* of Paris, in the St Petersburg *zemstvos*, in Palermo, and Madrid. The intellectual underworld knows him, the world of intransigents, the world of irreconcilables. All the great, “impractical,” hopeless causes that want money to make war on a form of society based on money are familiar with his name—on cheques too. He is a resource, this bourgeois, of all those who would destroy the *bourgeois*. Yet, there is no man in the world who is a

better buyer and seller. His business is one of the biggest in St. Louis. He could finance a social revolution by himself, but he prefers to help impartially all groups and schools. A cynic might think he does it to keep the revolution split up, to keep it from attaining that solidarity which would make it formidable. Mr. Nelson is a whimsical sort of man, apt to flit from fancy to fancy quite inconsecutively. His enthusiasm is rather pale and never glows red. What's the use when one does one's duty with a cheque or by stuffing the red fellows with good grub? He has the altruistic temperament diluted with business sense. Over at Leclair he has his workers under his hand and away from agitators and walking delegates. He gives them pictures and books and lectures and flower gardens in their yards and houses all alike, and they can't get drunk if they want to, and they dare not do many things lest the old man finding it out might not like it. They all grow to look like Mr. Nelson does in the picture to-day by Caricaturist Bloch, a little etiolated and monotonous and sort of half-orphaned. A wispy-wiry sort of a man is Mr. Nelson, with deep piercing eyes and chop whiskers that give him an aspect of taciturnity. There is absolutely no unction about him. His hair even looks as if it is innocent of natural oil. He's a cheerful sort, too, even if his cheerfulness is just a little cackley, yet he has force behind his odd little whiskers and his shop is run with a savor of militarism which is in ridiculous contrast with his large ideas of freedom. He's not a man anyone can get well acquainted with. No matter how cordial he may be there's always the impression that he's off by himself. But he's very earnest in his effort to do good. And he does good. Many a propagandist of a cause among the submerged tenth has gathered new strength for his work from Nelson O. Nelson's lunches and good wine and good cigars. All the little struggling papers advocating new, extreme, *outré* ideas that he helps along with cheques! All the little preachers among the poor, whose little salaries he makes good! All the little decent vague heterodoxies that he bolsters up! He is a veritable Providence to the peripatetic philosopher who is so bent on helping the world he can't help himself. No one ever heard Mr. Nelson speak harshly of anything or anybody. There is no more eminent universal reformer in the world than he. He is with reforms that conflict with each other. He is doing very well, thank you, under the very conditions he wants changed. If he lived in any other city we'd know all about him, but he lives and works in St. Louis where he is regarded chiefly as a little off because he thinks things which, if true, make all the other big bugs here ridiculous and absurd and preposterous. The only thing that gives him any standing at all among the leading men of St. Louis is that he commands money. That he has ideas is against him, especially as those ideas are not the ideas of “get all you can and give as little as possible.” The commentator guesses Mr. Nelson is a crank, even as the caricaturist shows him; but he's at least different from the stuffy, dull, ultra-reputable, conservative “leading citizens” who are dead to the real movement of life, its art, its culture, its literature, its new born sense of the injustice of conditions which exalt a man for what he has, not for what he is. Mr. Nelson is, at least, not commonplace. He lives a life that is, at least, one of thought, not of money-grubbing exclusively. He may be multifariously wrong in his opinions, yet he is right, for he lives his life mostly for others and those others not of the world's fortunes. If he's an anarchist, all right. We need more anarchists like him—opponents of the rule of sordid motives and of economic and religious creeds which are the bulwarks of successful selfishness and the foundation of invincible and opaquely stupid resistance to innovations which might more generally distribute the ease, the grace, the comfort, the beauty of life among the children of earth now deprived thereof through no fault of their own.

The False Gems

By Guy de Maupassant.

M. LANTIN had met the young woman at a soiree at the home of the assistant chief of his bureau, and had fallen madly in love with her at sight.

She was the daughter of a country physician who had died some months before. She had come to live in Paris, with her mother, who had visited about much among her acquaintances, in the hope of making a favorable marriage for her daughter. They were poor and honest, quiet and unaffected.

The young girl was a perfect type of the virtuous woman whom every sensible young man dreams of one day winning for life. Her simple beauty had the charm of angelic modesty, and the imperceptible smile which constantly hovered about her lips seemed to be the reflection of a pure and lovely soul. Her praises resounded on every side. People never tired of repeating: "Happy the man who wins her love! He could not find a better wife."

Now M. Lantin enjoyed a snug little income of 3,500 francs, and thinking he could safely assume the responsibilities of a husband, proposed to this model young girl and was accepted.

He was unspeakably happy with her; she governed his household with an economy so clever that they seemed to live in luxury. She lavished the most delicate attentions on her husband, coaxed and fondled him; and the charm of her presence was so great that six years after their marriage, M. Lantin discovered that he loved his wife even more than during the first days of their honeymoon.

He only felt inclined to blame in her two faults: her love of the theater and a taste for false jewelry. Her friends (she was acquainted with some officers' wives) frequently procured for her a box at the theater, often for the first representations of the new plays; and her husband was obliged to accompany her, whether he willed or not, to these amusements which bored him excessively after his day's labor at the office.

After a time, M. Lantin begged his wife to request some lady of her acquaintance to accompany her. She was at first opposed to such an arrangement; but after much persuasion on his part, she finally consented, to the infinite delight of her husband.

Now with her love for the theater came also the desire to decorate her person. True, her costumes remained as before, simple, and of the most correct taste; but she soon began to adorn her ears with huge Rhinestones which glittered and sparkled like real diamonds. Around her neck she wore a string of false pearls, and on her arms bracelets of imitation gold.

Her husband, frequently remonstrated with her, saying:

"My dear, as you cannot afford to buy real diamonds, you ought to appear adorned with your beauty and modesty alone, which are the rarest ornaments of your sex."

But she would smile sweetly, and say:

"What can I do? I am so fond of jewelry. It is my only weakness. We cannot change our natures."

Then she would roll around her fingers the pearl necklaces, hold up the bright gems for her husband's admiration, saying:

"Look! Are they not lovely? One would swear they were real."

M. Lantin would then answer, smilingly:

"You have bohemian tastes, my dear."

Often of an evening when they were enjoying a tete-a-tete by the fireside, she would place on the tea table the leather box containing the "trash," as M. Lantin called it. She would examine the false gems with a passionate attention, as though they were

in some way connected with a deep and secret joy; and she often persisted in passing a necklace around her husband's neck and laughing heartily, would exclaim: "How droll you look!" Then she would throw herself into his arms and kiss him affectionately.

One evening in winter, she attended the opera, and on her return was chilled through and through. The next morning she coughed, and eight days later she died of inflammation of the lungs.

M. Lantin's despair was so great that his hair became white in one month. He wept unceasingly; his heart was lacerated with grief, and his mind haunted by the remembrance, the smile, the voice—by every charm of his beautiful, dead wife.

Time, the healer, did not assuage his grief. Often during office hours, while his colleagues were discussing the topics of the day, his eyes would suddenly fill with tears, and he would give vent to his grief in heart-rending sobs. Everything in his wife's room remained as before her decease; and here he was wont to seclude himself daily and think of her, who had been his treasure—the joy of his existence.

But life soon became a struggle. His income which in the hands of his wife covered all household expenses was now no longer sufficient for his own immediate wants; and he wondered how she could have managed to buy such excellent wine and rare delicacies, which he could no longer procure with his modest resources.

He incurred some debts and was soon reduced to absolute poverty. One morning, finding himself without a cent in his pocket, he resolved to sell something, and immediately the thought occurred to him of disposing of his wife's paste jewels; for he cherished in his heart a sort of rancor against the false gems which had always irritated him in the past. The very sight of them spoiled somewhat the memory of his lost darling.

To the last days of her life, she had continued to make purchases; bringing home new gems almost every evening. He decided to sell the heavy necklace which she seemed to prefer and which, he thought, ought to be worth about six or seven francs; for although paste, it was, nevertheless, of very fine workmanship.

He put it in his pocket and started out in search of a jeweler's shop. He entered the first one he saw; feeling a little ashamed to expose his misery, and also to offer such a worthless article for sale.

"Sir," said he to the merchant, "I would like to know what this is worth."

The man took the necklace, examined it, called his clerk and made some remarks in an undertone; he then put the ornament back on the counter, and looked at it from a distance to judge of the effect.

M. Lantin was annoyed by all those ceremonies

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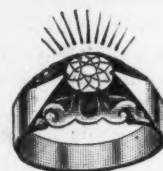
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and was on the point of saying: "Oh! I know well enough it is not worth anything," when the jeweler said: "Sir, that necklace is worth from twelve to fifteen thousand francs; but I could not buy it unless you tell me from whence it comes."

The widower opened his eyes wide and remained gaping, not comprehending the merchant's meaning. Finally he stammered: "You say—are you sure?" The other replied dryly: "You can search elsewhere and see if any one will offer you more. I consider it worth fifteen thousand at the most. Come back here if you cannot do better."

M. Lantin, beside himself with astonishment, took up the necklace and left the store. He wished time for reflection.

Once outside, he felt inclined to laugh, and said to himself: "The fool! Oh, the fool! Had I only taken him at his word! That jeweler cannot distinguish real diamonds from paste."

A few minutes after, he entered another store in the Rue de la Paix. As soon as the proprietor glanced at the necklace he cried out:

"Ah, parbleu! I know it well; it was bought here."

M. Lantin was disturbed, and asked:

"How much is it worth?"

"Well, I sold it for twenty thousand francs. I am willing to take it back for eighteen thousand, when you inform me, according to our legal formality, how it came to be in your possession."

This time M. Lantin was dumbfounded. He replied:

"But—but—examine it well. Until this moment I was under the impression that it was paste."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Lantin,—I am in the employ of the Minister of the Interior. I live at No. 16 Rue des Martyrs."

The merchant looked through his books, found the entry, and said: "That necklace was sent to Mme. Lantin's address, 16 Rue des Martyrs, July 20, 1876."

The two men looked into each other's eyes—the widower speechless with astonishment; the jeweler scenting a thief. The latter broke the silence.

"Will you leave this necklace here for twenty-four hours?" said he, "I will give you a receipt."

M. Lantin answered hastily: "Yes, certainly." Then putting the ticket in his pocket he left the store.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets, his mind in a state of dreadful confusion. He tried to reason, to understand. His wife could not afford to purchase such a costly ornament. Certainly not. But, then, it must have been a present!—a present!—a present from whom? Why was it given her?

He stopped and remained standing in the middle of the street. A horrible doubt entered his mind—she? Then all the other gems must have been presents, too! The earth seemed to tremble beneath him,—the tree before him was falling—throwing up his arms, he fell to the ground, unconscious. He recovered his senses in a pharmacy into which the passersby had borne him. He gave orders to be taken to his home. When he arrived he shut himself up in his room and wept until nightfall. Finally, overcome with fatigue, he threw himself on the bed, where he passed an uneasy, restless night.

The following morning he arose and prepared to go to the office. It was hard to work after such shocks. He sent a letter to his employer requesting to be excused. Then he remembered that he had to return to the jeweler's. He did not like the idea; but he could not leave the necklace with that man. He dressed and went out.

It was a lovely day; a clear blue sky smiled on the busy city below. Men of leisure were strolling about with their hands in their pockets.

M. Lantin, observing them, said to himself: "The rich, indeed, are happy. With money it is possible to forget even the deepest sorrow. One can go where one pleases, and in travel find that distraction which is the surest cure for grief. Oh! if I were only rich!"



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Suddenly he thought of his employer. He drove up to the bureau, and entered gayly, saying:

"Sir, I have come to resign my position. I have just inherited three hundred thousand francs."

He shook hands with his former colleagues and confided to them some of his projects for the future; he then went off to dine at the cafe Anglais.

He seated himself beside a gentleman of aristocratic bearing, and during the meal informed the latter confidently that he had just inherited a fortune of four hundred thousand francs.

For the first time in his life he was not bored at the theater, and spent the remainder of the night in a gay frolic.

Six months afterwards he married again. His second wife was a very virtuous woman; but, with a violent temper. She caused him much sorrow.

From the Ten-Story Book.

The Letters of Lucifer

(10) To A Society Leader

My Dear Madam:

A NOVELIST, as you remarked during our last conversation, must gather material where he can find it. You were gracious enough to be interested in my prospective book, and inquired if society was to figure in it? No! Madam. At least, not your kind of society; that grade which is commonly referred to as being "the exclusive circle."

You are a woman of brains and talent. As the wife of a statesman or diplomat you would wield influence, and impress your personality upon the world. But situated as you are in an inland city, the mistress of a household whose head is an industrial baron, you are wasting your energies on society.

Your surroundings are distinctly feudal. Your house is a castle; your servants, plate, portraits, estate, coat of arms, banquets, entertainers and your

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny Wren:

DID you ever hear that cute little line which runs, "The course of true love," Jane,—the rest you know—I guess. The person who wrote that must have been an awfully smart man, Jane, 'deed he must. Why, that was years and years ago, and the same thing goes on happening right now. Ain't it just too funny for anything?

You know, the other morning, when I picked up one of the papers, in the suburban news, which I hardly ever read, Jane, the suburbs are getting so kind of stale, and the real smart people, except, of course, a very few that belong to our crowd, are moving into town, the train service is so bad, and they can't spend all day on the street cars. Why, Jane, did you ever hear about the perfectly terrible time Mrs. Ernest Kroeger, wife of one of our best musicians, had, one day not long ago? She started in from Webster, or wherever it is that the Kroegers live, and it was then about ten in the morning, and she had a lot of shopping to do before going to the Woman's Club for luncheon, which was given for some visiting woman, very fashionable, and all that.

So Mrs. K. didn't want to wear her very best hand-embroidered white waist to shop in and get all torn to pieces at some bargain counter, and mussed up, and that sort of thing, so she wrapped up her waist in a small parcel and just brought it along, knowing that she could slip up into one of the dressing rooms when she got to the club and change in a jiffy. Well, fate was agin her that morning, sure enough. Scarcely had they got to Old Orchard or the Big Bend road or some other land mark that nobody knows except those as has to pass 'em every day in the year, Jane, when the car broke down, lept off the track, climbed a tree and fell into a deep ditch. Very sad. Was it not so, Jane? And Mrs. Kroeger saw her jeweled time-piece crawling round—I mean its hands—till they reached twelve and after. To make a short story more interesting by chopping off some of the details, Jane, that car was stalled for two hours and a half, and Mrs. Kroeger knew that her luncheon was being eaten by others—no, she didn't either. I think, Jane, that she was giving the luncheon herself, which doesn't improve matters any, does it? Anyhow, the car wasn't very crowded, and finally they backed her up—the car—and hoisted her down and did a few more stupid and time-consuming things like that, and lo! she moved along the rails. Then the motorman got very busy, and they just fairly hummed into town. All the way along, past green fields and old pastures, which didn't appeal at all to Mrs. Kroeger that morning, thinking, as she did, about the luncheon and all the women waiting, and no hostess and no wireless to communicate, and just not anything at all,—actually, she told one of the women afterwards, that she already had their house advertised for sale, and was settled on Delmar boulevard or, preferably, lower Washington,—well, anyhow, she was much disturbed—I should have said "hopping mad," if I had been speaking of any other woman than lovely, placid Mrs. Kroeger. I think she has the most even disposition of any woman that I know, and not even bridge nor her husband's all-day practicing at home in the summer, nor any of those things which might ruffle even the best of us. Jane, ever turns a smooth brown hair on her pretty head. I'm awfully struck on Mrs. K., but there, Jane, do I seem to wander from the point?

It was half-past twelve, and Mrs. K. calculated if the motorman kept up his merry pace she would reach the club only a few minutes after one, which was the luncheon hour. But where was she going to get time for the change of waist? And she had put on a very plain dark cheviot one for the shopping—something which couldn't possibly be made to do for a party that she was giving herself. It was terribly

hide and magnificence, are all manifestly baronial. Your liege lord, descending to the city in his perfectly appointed automobile, to levy tribute on plebeian investors in his variously manipulated stocks, is merely a modern example of the mediæval knight. The kind who used to charge down on their prancing steeds and carry away the cattle and women of the peasantry who lived in the lowlands.

I was amused at the pomp and ceremony of your dinner. As a writer I shall arrogate the privilege to criticise. Had I been a guest, my lips were sealed, but I was on exhibition for you and your company. And, madam, you and they were likewise on parade for my benefit.

There was a great deal of form and ceremony about the repast. The elaborate courses, the faultless service, the favors, the conversation, the laughter, and the diamonds and display of arms and bosoms, were, I presume, satisfactory from a society standpoint. I truth I am not squeamish regarding the display of feminine anatomy.

As to real enjoyment, the feast was a Barmecidal one, I thought. The ladies and gentlemen at the board were not genuinely happy. They were neither remorseful nor sad, but simply bored. *Ennui*, like death, can be detected beneath all powder and cosmetics.

Your coat of arms and family portraits along the walls gave me sardonic satisfaction. As a former waitress at a wayside inn, the family portraits possibly interest you, and even excite your curiosity. As a one-time cattle drover, and later on a country store-keeper, the coat of arms may palliate the vulgar traits of your better half. "Be frank in your judgment of society as we represent it," you write me. "Even brutally so." Madam, I shall endeavor to respect a lady's wishes.

I do know of a polite society where courage, intellect, good breeding and courtesy make up the sum total of distinction. These requirements I did not find in your favored set. On the contrary, wealth, arrogance and vulgarity seemed to be the prevailing tints. Against this back-ground your own shrewdness and individuality were etched notably, but your evident air of triumph betrayed the *bourgeois*.

There was no culture, nor even talent, in the guests who made up your gathering. The music, the impersonations, the genius and cleverness—all was hired. I gleaned from certain glances and one politely smothered smile, that your assemblage was despised by those you paid to lighten it. I saw no skeletons at your feast, unless the gray ghosts of weariness may be so termed.

There was much gaiety of a hollow sort; a strain of spurious, revelry, re-inforced by "the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind." I saw one man there who was evidently a *rara avis* among you. His manner was courtly, his years in the sere and yellow leaf, and his presence *distingue*. I fancied he was an exponent of real society who had inadvertently wandered into your mansion. He was, to my intuitive sense, somewhat astonished, and early in the evening disappeared.

No! madam, I do not admire what you are pleased to term "society." It is an absurd aping of old-world traditions, and not for a democracy such as ours. Your brand of "society" is too palpable to deceive, too insipid to be interesting, and too effeminate to be more than vulgarly wicked. It is the counterfeit American Aristocracy; and, as Saxe said long ago:

*"A bridge across a hundred years
Without a prop to save it from sneers,—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy."*

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distressing, was it not, dearest? And the way she got around the difficulty was just too neat for words. Such ingenuity and really such nerve as it took. Always knew she was a woman of resource, but never till I heard this story—why, Jane, dear, didn't I tell you what she did? Oh, do excuse me, darling, I'm so forgetful at times, and go rambling on in such an erratic way—there's no living with me, is there? Won't speak to me ever again if I don't tell you what she did right off? What a fearful threat. I am terrorized. I proceed to tell instantly.

Jane, first she took a back seat. There were only two or three other passengers on the car. Then she waited until they all got busy with newspapers and their own thoughts, the car now clipping along at a good rate. Then she opened her umbrella kind of half way, and stuck it up in front of her—it was raining. No, Jane, not in the car, but don't get so snappy—wait till I tell it in my own sweet way—and then—now here's where you sit up and take notice, Jane, *THEN* she just up and whipped that hand-embroidered French lingerie bodice out of its tissue paper, tore off her shopping cheviot thing, and was inside the French confection before you could say "Gorgonzola Cheese," provided you wanted to say anything so vulgar. Oh, yes, I think all cheese is vulgar, Jane, and when the conductor came along about four second later, at Benton, to collect another of those forty or fifty fares that he just gathers in

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for the fun of it on that line, the lady in question was nonchalantly settling her lace stock with one hand and reading the morning paper with the other—aided by her eyesight—and 'pon my word and honor, Jane, nobody ever saw even the finish of that lightning change. Do you know that's, to me, a really great achievement, and to think she had the spunk to carry it out! Even if I had ever had such a glorious idea, Jane, I could never have braced myself to put it through—and put the waist on. But then, dearest, I don't live in the suburbs, and I just expect that you get dreadful desperate out there sometimes.

✦

Judging from the columns that I saw the other day about one of the first families—or maybe it was two families in Webster—getting into a rough and tumble fight on their front door steps, I expect the desperation is a fact. And then, too, one must have some excitement. There are no common street fights such as we who like that sort of thing can witness most any day in the darkey quarters, if we go hunting for it—and so every householder who is out of the city limits, has to get up his own private fight on his own front lawn—or else go without.

Jane, I've wandered far, far away from the "course of true love," haven't I. Well, just imagine you're seated on Aladdin's magic carpet, or on his wishing lamp, or whatever it was that he used to fool round with, in those olden times, and I'll get you back in a hurry. The other morning I opened the paper and read this modest and inconspicuous notice:

"Mr. and Mrs. Emil Malinckrodt have returned from their wedding trip and are now in Kirkwood. Mrs. Malinckrodt was Miss Marie Louise Armstrong."

And then I just fell back against the porch cushions, in a state of absolute astonishment. No, Jane, you don't know any of these parties, to speak impersonally and impersonally. Of course, you know the Malinckrodt name—and dear Ted, who is so nice to us girls in the winter—he was lovely last year with theater parties, and gave lots of dinners, or his mother did for him, at their Vandeventer place house. Ted is terribly popular, and deserves it. But they are the Edward Malinckrodt, and not this one, who is a cousin, I think, and does not live in Vandeventer. But you can just bet he has brains, and is a scientist down to the ground. Why, Jane, father says Mr. Edward Malinckrodt is one of the greatest living chemists, and comes of a race of German chemists, every one of whom has been celebrated in his native country for years and years, and he's the modestest man, Jane, just lovely in his manners, and fond of fine pictures and all that—and Mrs. Malinckrodt shares his tastes. They are the most congenial kind of couple, and have such lovely summer homes—a cottage at Jamestown, where they are now with Ted,

and a shooting box somewhere up in the Catskills, where they spend the fall. They really spend more money for things they want than any other rich family in St. Louis. Well, this young man, whose name is Emil, is a relative and equally talented, and that's enough, about him for the present. The lady, who is now Mrs. Emil, was Miss Armstrong, no relation of Adele's, my dear, and her family live out in the suburbs. She is an artist—and, they tell me, a very good one. Several years ago she used to draw pictures for the *Republic*, and then she went to Paris to study for several years, where she was terribly taken up by all that artist crowd which has belonged to St. Louis—George Aid, and the MacMonnies and the rest of them—I forget all. Anyhow, she hadn't met Emil then at all, but one day somebody introduced her to him, and they fell in love almost immediately. It was very nice, for they were so well suited and so fond of art, and all that, and Louise promised to marry him when she came home the next fall. Well, she did come home—he was here in his cousin's big chemical works. He is a superintendent, or something very superior—but Louise wasn't in a hurry at all, and finally they had a big rumpus over this art business. You see, Louise had studied for two or three years, and knew a lot about how to draw purple cows and put in flesh tints and work up backgrounds—she really is a good artist, and she wanted a chance to sling a little paint first before having to settle down and superintend the family hash. I don't blame her, not a bit.

But Emil grew impatient—the Germans may impress you as slow, Jane, but they can fuss and fume to beat the band. Anyhow, they fell out horribly, Louise just wouldn't speak to him any more, when he got crazy about her devotion to the paint tubes, and hinted that he was of more account, and so they looked long into each other's eyes, Jane, and tearlessly went their divided ways. Isn't that soulfully romantic, and ain't I a great romancer? Well, this kind of thing went on for months—I mean the nothin' doin' kind, and Louise was painting great pictures, and Emil was looking after his retorts—Jane, I really do know a few things; wasn't that clever to think of such an appropriate expression? Don't know how I ever did it, and I'm sure you're jealous.

Then something else happened. Some relative of Louise's in the East died, and left her a lot of money. Not a million, but a whole pile, just the same, enough so that she'll always know where her next tube of ultramarine is coming from, and that was another crushing blow to the swain. He is the independent kind, who believes that the husband should always do all the supporting, Jane, and he had repeatedly thumped his chest and declared in clarion tones that he would never marry a girl with money. Much less fall in love with one. And here he had done it, and there

was the deuce to pay. So Louise went off down East to claim her property and to spend last winter in New York—and she met loads of lovely people. The property was in Portsmouth, N. H., I believe, and all her relatives that she hadn't seen for fifty years—no, of course that isn't so, Jane—anyhow, they all laid themselves out to give her a good time, and the young men flocked as thick as blackberries, for Louise is a very striking girl, with fine eyes and a splendid head of jet black hair, also a fine, erect carriage, and really comports herself like the empress of all the Russias, Jane. I'm very proud of her. Anyhow, Emil heard of all these goings on, and he was sad, but silent, Jane. He let her have her fling with all the others, and trusted to luck. Well, luck was with him, for one fine May day she floated into town, and they met in about five minutes, and made up for keeps, and it's all very lovely. But nobody knew a thing about their having made up until the wedding notice appeared and friends had been trying to bring them together the way well-meaning but sassy and blundering idiots always do—and nobody had succeeded worth a straw scarecrow.

✦

Oh, I don't know about the town's being so very dull, Jane. If you keep your eyes open you will see a good deal going on in one way or another. Somehow the old boys always get in a few licks in the good old summer time—it's their season, I guess. And most of their relations they're afraid of are out of town. For example, I started toward the Alps last night. The street cars were behind time, so we had to wait at some street far out in the county, but the wait was worth while. I saw some interesting sights while I stood on the corner, and Jack cursed the cars. First came a high stanhope driven by Mr. Lockwood, that deepest dyed bachelor in town, Jane, and the uncle of those nice girls, Angelica and Louise Lockwood. He has oodles of money, and lives on the family estates somewhere near Ferguson, I think—a very large property. Nobody ever saw him pay attentions to a lady, but he had a lovely creature with him—and the kind the newspapers usually describe as a dashing brunette, and they were just too cosy for anything in the stanhope, tooling slowly along in the dim, twinkling light of the stars. The lady wore white.

And Mr. Lockwood hadn't more'n got past before along came a swift runabout, with that handsome Mr. Parker at the helm. I don't mean Letitia and Gertrude's father, but that bachelor whom you always see in the winter at the theater with delicate pearl gray gloves on. He always dresses bang up out of sight, and he adores grand opera—told me that he heard every performance of "Parsifal" when it was produced here last winter with Savage appurtenances. I told him at the time he looked thin.

Well, anyhow, Mr. Parker owns a neat runabout, and this evening of which I am a speakin', he had

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the cutest little widow with him—all plump and full of dimples and—that kind you know, Jane, and also dressed in white, with a black hat and the wings of a dove on each side—of the hat, I mean. And he was just leaning over and talking straight into her eyes, and looking unutterable things, and it was all very charming. I don't know the lady. How do I know she is a widow? Oh, because.

And Henry Clay Townsend isn't doing a thing but getting busy with that perfectly stunning New York widow, Mrs. Hatch, who is here visiting the Galbreaths. He has her out to dinner at the Glen Echo Club, where he is staying this summer, about eight nights a week, and the off nights they dine at the Alps, and luncheon at the swellest places they can find, and Henry Clay has his mind made up, or I miss my guess. Mrs. Hatch is good style, and appears to be a very charming woman. I haven't met her, but Park von Wedelstaedt, who knows the Galbreaths very well, told me the other day that she was the smoothest proposition that had come to town since year before last, and Park is a good judge.

Say, I see that Patrick, that alleged murderer of the old gentleman Rice, who has had so many trials, has been granted another respite. I look at Mrs. John Milliken and simply wonder at her self-control. She has carried herself all through the past three years with perfect aplomb. You would never suspect that she had a brother who was likely to be electrocuted most any time. She is a pretty woman, and I can remember how proud John Milliken, the chewing gum millionaire was, when he married the little widow from Texas. He owned a fine house in Cabanne—still does—furnished beautifully, and has always given her the best in the land. She dresses in exquisite taste. Saw her in her victoria the other day wearing a white cloth suit, one of those long-coated affairs, with a black velvet collar and cuffs, that gave it a *recherche* touch, and a lovely hat with delicate pink and purple flowers on it—she was simply dead swell, and John ought to be proud—guess he is, and a woman can't help the black sheep in her family, now can she? Goodness gracious, we've all got a skellington some where, only we don't let his bones rattle any more than we can help.

Terrible thing, young Houston Force's sudden death. Nobody knows whether it was suicide or not, but we think not. He took an overdose of morphine, Jane, and never waked up. Everybody is so sorry for dear Anna, she is much admired. But I do get so tired whenever a sudden death or something like that takes place in a prominent family. The papers

always think they have to say "leading society man" or "prominent society belle." Ten to one it isn't that at all. Young Force was not in society. His family are well known and Anna is popular, but nobody ever heard of him, so far as the society columns are concerned. He probably had his own circle of friends, and they were doubtless nice ones, and to his liking, but he certainly wasn't "a leading society and club man," and would have been the first to have ridiculed the idea, I'm sure. A very nice, quiet, refined young man, with pleasant ways and cultured tastes. I'm very sorry for them all.

The Greenfield Sluders have sailed for Paris. You may expect to meet them most any day now. Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Sluder's parents, are at the German baths, and I suppose Ella and her husband will end up there. Mrs. Cochran, so I heard, has become quite reconciled to Ella's marriage. She was terribly opposed at first—not obstreperously so, you understand, for Mrs. C. would never get noisy and bumptious about her dislikes, but just distressed down to the ground, for she feared Dr. Sluder cared more for Ella's money than he did for Ella. But I guess she was wrong, for Ella certainly looks blissfully happy, and everything seems to hang lovely—I mean hang high—or what do I mean, Jane, anyway?

Eddie Gould and Mrs. Eddie, started off the other day for Narragansett in their motor. Heaven help them! If you want long trips, a tour through Missouri ought to suffice, the roads are certainly bad enough, but to rush into the Middle States is certainly tempting Providence. Mrs. D. R. Francis and her younger son, Charles, have gone up to Jefferson City and around through some of the towns. I think Mrs. F. is pretty brave. Don't know many grandmothers who would venture on a thing of that kind.

And the Jim Campbells—he's the richest St. Louisan on earth—lately discovered that he owned a \$30,000,000 mine that he'd forgotten, with John Scullin—are touring England, Scotland and Ireland in a \$17,000 auto. My, but won't that preternaturally bright and pretty Lois Campbell be a catch in a few years!

Grace Van Studdiford is here—out at her country house, which stands on the Creve Cœur Lake road, and always makes me think that somebody has been firing rocks at it—made of plaster, you know, with cobble stones stuck in, hit or miss. Grace hasn't been into town once—she never does in the summer—but I had lunch with her the other day—she has some of the Red Feather company stopping with her—some very nice women—she is awfully good to her people—gives them these little visits and practices with them

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and helps them a great deal—a sort of philanthropist opera star.

Doings, Jane, on North Spring—the cashier, the fat man and the Titian lady who's just moved in the neighborhood. My, how the folks in the 500 block sniff when she goes by, but pshaw, the cashier with the weepers is as harmless as the fat man with the goatee. Purely Platonic, I'm sure.

Come home at once! I want you to see the lovely silken beard George Tansey has brought back on his chin from Portland and the coast generally, before he cuts it off. Honest, Jen, they're the beautifullest thing I've seen this summer, except that dainty, piquant Mrs. Francis Krenning out at the Buckingham, only surely her honeymoon ought to be over by this time. Still, when a little lady can wear gowns so simply and effectively as she does, there's no telling how long a honeymoon will last.

Yours with devotion, BLUE JAY.

Pope-Toledo Harry Abroad

Clermont-Ferrand, France,

July 6th, 1905.

To-morrow, Friday, July 7th, at noon, we leave on our tour of France, Switzerland, Germany and England, in the good old 45 h. p. Pope-Toledo. We have elected officers to-day, as follows: Herbert G. Lytle, Chauffeur and Mechanician; A. E. Schaaf, Official Photographer; Carl K. Fisher, Hornblower; Orlando F. Weber, Interpreter; H. S. Turner, Jr., Treasurer.

The great Gordon Bennett Cup Race was decided yesterday over the Auvergne course. Perhaps the less said about it the better, from our standpoint. Anyhow, we were pursued by the same hard luck and combination of unfortunate circumstances that prevented the other seventeen entries from winning. I am proud to say, however, that our deportment in the face of defeat was splendid. Mr. Schaaf's behavior was particularly admirable. He seemed almost relieved. In fact, he reminded one of that old and moth-eaten story about the Jew who rushes up to the clerk in the New York hotel. "My name is Eisenstein, from Cincinnati. Have you a telegram for me?" The clerk looks through the telegrams and replies that there is nothing for Eisenstein. In a few minutes the Hebrew rushes up again with the same question and the same result. After repeating this a number of times during the day, the clerk finally hands Mr. Eisenstein a telegram. Quickly tearing it open and scarcely reading it he exclaims tragically, "My God! My store is burning up!"

In other words we all had an inkling before the race that our boys couldn't possibly negotiate the extremely difficult and dangerous course with two weeks' practice, so well as the Frenchmen, who have been living on it for months, and some of them from childhood.

Personally, as we ourselves couldn't turn the trick, I am glad Brasier won. He is a thorough little gentleman, and possessed of that quality, modesty, not too common among these French automobile manufacturers. Unquestionably the Mercedes crowd are the greatest sufferers. With three cars in the Vanderbilt race on Long Island last October, they were unplaced, and now with three cars representing Germany and three cars representing Austria, or with twice the number of chances of any other manufacturer, they are again among the "also rans." It was our first attempt, and while to finish twelfth, out of eighteen starters, was not an achievement in our eyes, the Frenchmen seem to think that we are to be congratulated. Perhaps, remembering the previous Gordon Bennett event, in which two American cars started—did I say "started?" I should have said "entered." "Well, anyhow," as Bobby Gaylor used to say, we are all ready for tomorrow's start, excepting a few finishing touches, which will be put on in the morning, and we shall all be more than

pleased to shake the dust of Clermont-Ferrand from our tires.

Lyons, France, July 7, 1905.

We sneaked quietly away from Clermont-Ferrand yesterday at noon, *a la* the proverbial "thief in the night," and arrived here at Lyons at seven o'clock.

The Interpreter and Pathfinder, Mr. Weber, started us off exactly wrong, and after running for the matter of a half an hour, we found ourselves some twenty miles north of Clermont instead of east. This little *faux pas* of Weber's cost us forty miles of travel, and while there seems to be, at this writing, no disposition to deal harshly with him, Mr. Fisher has kindly consented to check him up and see that no mistakes occur again. Fisher will do this in addition to his duties as hornblower.

From Clermont to Lyons is about two hundred and twenty kilometres, or 132 miles, and lies through a flat country, with the usual French scenery and the usual number of villages. Schaaf succeeded in gaining some photographs of the oldest inhabitant of several of the villages. In fact, in one village we found several duplicates of the oldest inhabitant, so he took them all, and I suppose each photograph will be labeled "the oldest inhabitant of the village of Alezvouzon."

Lyons is noted for something, but it is not restaurants. It looks more like an American city than any I have seen over here, but as long as it's prosperous, that shouldn't be anything to hold against it. According to Baedeker it has a population of 508,000, which is a good many for a town of this size, and, like St. Louis, is surrounded by fifty square miles of territory. I wish I could think what it is noted for.

We passed on the road to-day, going in our direction, a big Mercedes—must have been a forty—with five men in it; a twenty Panhard, with two passengers, and another car which I didn't recognize. Going in the opposite direction we passed a number of unimportant machines.

The Interpreter and Pathfinder plans to go to Berne, Switzerland, to-morrow—some two hundred and twenty-five American miles, which is "going some," considering that it is through the mountains.

Lausanne, Switzerland, July 8, 1905.

This has been the day of days. We have come through fairyland—toyland—an indescribably beautiful garden. Almost from the time we left Lyons, this morning, it has been a wonderful water color. We are not at Berne to-night, as the Pathfinder had promised, through no fault of the good old Pope-Toledo, but because our Photographer must needs have pictures of every waterfall and old castle and picturesque bridge; consequently we are some four hours behind schedule. At last we have gotten Fisher of Indianapolis to admit that there is some scenery over here superior to the Falls at Shelbyville, Indiana. Therefore, if nothing else were gained, our trip is not in vain. He

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swears he is not going to bed to-night, but is going to sit on the veranda of this excellent hotel and look at Lake Geneva. When Fisher becomes romantic the scenery must be "something to see on the 'Frisco."

We spent three hours in Geneva this afternoon, some sixty kilometres behind us, with great profit—to the shopkeepers. I caught just a glimpse of Timothy Woodruff, the Ex-Lieutenant Governor of New York, with his wife, who was the beautiful Bella Morrison. They are touring in a "forty" F. I. A. T. Yes, a good-looking, well-dressed American woman holds all the other women in the world safe. I have driven in Hyde Park between 5 and 7, out the Champs Elysee at the fashionable hour, have dined at Armoonville in the Bois de Boulogne, but I have not seen a woman as altogether attractive-looking as Mrs. Timothy L. Woodruff of New York, as she appeared to-day at Geneva.

The roads here in Switzerland are not as good as in France—naturally enough, as there are no level spots; still they would be considered above par at home. It was thrilling, though, to feel the motor, with its five passengers and 400 lbs. of baggage, roar up these 15 and 20 degree grades as if it was mad about it. We felt sorry for one fellow in a "twenty-four" Panhard, with two ladies, whom we overtook on an up-grade and allowed him to think he could give us his dust for awhile. Had he been a man of good judgment he would have let well enough alone, and attended to the road ahead, but in a moment of bravado he looked around—and actually smiled. Job's patience, with all his boils, was never tempted like this. Have you ever been on an express train and passed a canal boat tied to the bank? Shades of Cooney!

Lausanne is as if some great artist had painted a beautiful picture from his imagination and then the lake, and the town, and the mountains, had been built to resemble the picture.

The shops are like a stage setting, and the soldiers with their red coats and white duck trousers, make the whole thing complete. I know now that *nothing* could be more beautiful than Lausanne, but that's just what I said about Geneva.

We have just discovered that our "Interpreter" is a fake. I had thought so right along, but I am naturally suspicious of people who seem to know so much. We all might still be in awe of his great knowledge were it not that he delayed too long in getting information at Fribourg, and it was necessary for me to follow him. I found him having a drink at a cafe and by seating myself near at hand but unobserved, in true Sherlock Holmes style, noted his method. First he produced a French instruction book which he carefully studied for a few minutes. Then the map. Next he called "*Garcon*" (anybody knows that) and here was the conversation:

"*Garcon, Se vou plez?*"

"Tell me the number of kilometers to" (points to the place on the map).

The *garcon* says "*Auquants,*" or something like that, and when he sees our "Interpreter" doesn't understand, counts off the kilometres on his fingers. Now observe the "Interpreter." He strolls back to the car and finds us yearning for information. This is about what he reports to us:

"I just had a talk with a French nobleman over there. He says it's about 100 kilometres to ———. (He learned how to pronounce the name from the waiter). He says the scenery is beautiful along the route, that the road is very good and that there is a hotel in the town, also a lot of other buildings and some people."

Now that would be all right if he would let it go at that, but in talking to ignorant people like us, he finds himself continually dropping into French, viz: a French word here and there, just as if he couldn't find an English word to fit. As a consequence we have all heretofore held him in great respect for his learning, if for nothing else. He says he speaks German just as well as French. I shouldn't wonder, but when we get to England, I'm going to do the interpreting. They have barmaids there.

The programme is to go to Strassburg, Germany, to-morrow, some 250 miles. This will make up the time lost to-day, and put us on schedule once more. We should be able to make it all right, as after leaving Berne, the Pathfinder informs us the road is level and much better surfaced. An early start will be necessary, though, as even with old "Eli," 250 miles with stops is a good day's run.

Strassburg on the River at Germany, July 10, 1905.

Everybody overslept this morning and we didn't get away from Lausanne until after nine, but nothing seems to make any difference in this country. For three hours we had almost steady mountain climbing, the road lying through the most picturesque country imaginable. The Swiss farmers and their families were out in their best bib and tucker on their way to church and I think Fisher made himself quite unpopular with these quiet country people with his incessant tooting of the horn. As Lytle remarked this morning, Fisher would make a splendid hornblower if we were going the other direction. He always blows the horn energetically after we have passed the people and rounded the curve. It is a good deal like the remark of the man who was run over by the automobile when the chauffeur shouted "look out" to him. He replied, "What for? Are you coming back?"

We had our first experience with speed laws this morning, and I must say the Swiss method has my hearty approval. Does a ridiculous skidoodle wagon chase you for four miles and, when they catch you haul you down to a police station, hold you for bail, and then try you before a police judge on Monday morning? *Nein*. On the contrary. A dignified officer with military bearing and faultless uniform steps to

the center of the road and raises one finger. You are proud to be addressed by so distinguished an appearing gentleman and of course you stop. Without useless waste of words he boards the car and you proceed to the police station, where the officer explains the situation to the gendarme in charge, who then relieves you of the sum of five francs or \$1. After which formality they give you minute directions about the road, even offering to send an officer with you, and with great courtesy, wish you God speed. One feels it almost an honor to be arrested in Switzerland, and the delay is insignificant. With the exception of the towns, there is no speed limit in France, Switzerland or Germany. In fact, I believe there is a penalty for going slow in France. This, however, is one of the laws we did not break.

At just one o'clock we drew into Berne, a town of about 70,000, situated a few miles from the German border. Every one here speaks German, and our "Interpreter" is just as fluent in this language as in French. That is to say, if he had his hands cut off, he might as well be deaf and dumb. We had an excellent lunch here in a garden filled with German students, but wasted as little time as possible, for it's a long way to Strassburg.

A few miles beyond Berne we came to the German border. Here again a

distinguished looking officer hailed us, and used up about ten minutes of German. We all said *Donke shain* and touched our hats, and he stepped back and allowed us to proceed. The "Interpreter" said he inquired if we had any dutiable articles in the car. How Weber knew this I don't know, because there's nothing in the book about what a German officer is going to say to you.

From here on the roads were, as we say in the French, magnificent, and Lytle commenced to open her up a little.

The distance from the German border to Basel is 120 kilometres, or 72 miles. We passed the German officer at 2:10 p. m. and we were taking on petrol at Basel at 3:40 p. m. Seventy-two miles in ninety minutes. Some kilometres were covered in 35 seconds. It is easy to tell your speed, because the kilometres and fractions of kilometres are marked by stones along the road. Of course we didn't stop and take any photographs on this stretch, although Schaaf is getting very expert at this, and doesn't delay us much. I expect with a few days' training he will be able to take photographs like the engines take water on the Pennsylvania—without stopping. This is the way he works when he sees a view he wants. He shouts, "Stop!" Lytle shuts off everything and puts on the brakes.

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Weber opens the door. I hand out the camera and then Schaaf hops about on stone walls and over big rocks like a Rocky Mountain goat until he gets the right light. Then he presses the button and we do the rest. Weber helps him in, I take the camera, Lytle throws in the clutch, and we're off. Time lost, 1 m. 3 sec. I haven't seen any of the pictures yet.

Basel, according to my old friend Baedeker, was probably founded by the Roman armies when they fell back on the Rhine in the year 374. Inasmuch as I have no information to the contrary, we will assume that what Mr. B. says about that is perfectly true. We had the pleasure of visiting the Muenster at this place, which is a very beautiful old cathedral. It is, however, what might be called a sort of *non-veau riche* Muenster, as it can only date back to the year 1020, or the time of Emp. Henry II., while here in Strassburg we find the real old F. F. V. Muenster, containing the famous Strassburg clock. This Muenster was begun in the year 985, some few years before the birth of Alex. Primm. The Strassburg clock, you know, has never been allowed to stop. It is now, after all these years, 29 minutes fast. It must have works in it like a Pope-Toledo. And, by the way, this is the place where all the babies come from—you can see the storks sitting around on the roofs of the houses waiting for an assignment. They tell me they are not very busy over in France right now.

The two best hotels I ever saw, until I saw this one, are the Jefferson in St. Louis and the hotel in Boston, the name of which I cannot recall at this minute. But this Hotel de la Ville de Paris, in Strassburg, is the real hand-painted article. I have no recollection of Mr. Lyman Hay ever having asked me to bring my automobile right in. Here you run right into the hotel, your baggage is unloaded, and the concierge sets immediately to work to clean up the car. When he has finished you can see yourself in it anywhere, and the charge is three marks. I have a room with electric light for every angle. The switch board that controls them looks like the Missouri-Edison plant. The furniture is actually inlaid. The service in the cafe and the cuisine itself are the best I have seen, and the price—\$2.00 a day for the rooms, and a menu that compares in prices with Faust's. In short, I wouldn't trade Strassburg for a dozen Parises or Londons. I like the German people. They are clean, honest, simple and the best-hearted, best natured people in the world. A pleasant change from the French, who are at best but a joke as a nation.

To-morrow we go through the Black Forest, where Hans Anderson and Grimm laid the scene of their stories. Schaaf's parents were born here, and he is particularly interested.

H. S. TURNER, JR.

Letters From the People

MR. E. G. LEWIS.

St. Louis, July 22d, '05.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

I see that Lewis of the *Woman's Magazine* is a great philanthropist. Very interesting. But tell me—is his print shop union or non-union? He's making a play for the dollars of the working people. Is he a fair man? Does he recognize union labor? PRINTER.

(We believe Mr. Lewis would recognize union labor, if he saw it coming—and run. Mr. Lewis is a philanthropist. He's remindful of what J. B. McCullagh said bitterly, but truthfully, of Father McGlynn's Anti-Poverty Society—that it would abolish Dr. McGlynn's poverty first. His antics also remind one of Eclipse, the race horse, who was first, and the rest were nowhere.—EDITOR MIRROR.)

DRINKS.

Richland, Mo., July 23d, '05.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Your damn fool paper had an article about beer on wine or wine on beer, which is worse. Now you tell me about beer on buttermilk, and gin on top of all. What's the next?

INQUIRER.

(Hic (hic) jacet.—ED. MIRROR.)

✦

THAT BURGLAR'S KIT.

St. Louis, Mo., July 21, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

I see that our worthy townsman, Judge Selden P. Spencer, is coming in for some share of abuse for allowing the Lewis bank receivership to get away from him. I think this abuse is uncalled for. I know Judge Spencer well and when he takes hold of a case you can bet your red vest that he is prepared for any and all emergencies. The Lewis bank case is no exception, and the stockholders and depositors should not despair. There is still hope. I call attention to the fact, which seems to have been overlooked by his accusers, that a short time before the bank expose came, a kit of burglar's tools was found in the Judge's office. Was this not the very pink of preparation? Evidently the Judge is bound to get into the bank one way or another. And now that he has been removed from the receivership, why not resort to the kit? I mention this merely as showing that Judge Spencer is not yet down and out, and may still wind up the affairs of the bank, Judge McElhinney to the contrary notwithstanding.

Respectfully,

H. E. H.

(We have no "red vest" to bet on any proposition. We are, at this season, a shirt waist man. We see no harm in the fact that a burglar's kit was found in Judge Spencer's office. Judge Spencer is a lawyer. A lawyer can "burgle," as a lawyer, or do anything else another person of another profession, trade or occupation cannot do without danger of going to the penitentiary. Besides, a "come-along" from a burglar's kit seems to be necessary to separate Lewis from other people's

WE are forming a syndicate to lay out and plat the General Grant farm of 438 acres, lying two and one-fourth miles southwest of the city. The capital will be \$40,000, divided into 400 shares of \$100 each; these shares draw 6 per cent interest and entitle the holder to one-half the profits made upon the property, which is estimated to be \$462.50 on each \$100 invested. About 100 acres will be put into a park and leased to the railway company now building to the place. All investors will be allowed to draw the amount of their investments in the bonds, secured by a deed of trust upon the park, drawing 6 per cent interest and guaranteed by the rent of the railway. The remaining ground will be platted into the CITY OF GRANT, and will be a new manufacturing suburb of St. Louis.

For information and particulars call at the office, 196 Laclede building.

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money. Judge Spencer should also have a can of "soup" to help him. The ablest crooks we have these days are lawyers or they are advised by lawyers before they begin their crookedness.—ED. MIRROR.)

✦

MR. PLAYER WANTS BONDS.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Comptroller Player has submitted advance sheets of a forthcoming report on the city's finances which should interest tax-payers. The revenue fund shows a deficit, according to the Comptroller, of something more than \$348,000. If he did not take into consideration the losses from dramshop revenue on account of the Sunday law, more than \$250,000 should be added to the original estimate.

Mr. Player sees only one remedy, and that is to issue bonds. He points out that it will be possible for the city to add \$11,000,000 to its bonded indebtedness, but is silent as to the amount of bonds that should be issued. He has doubts about the people indorsing

an increased tax rate, and is also of the opinion that this would not produce enough revenue to make the necessary improvements to the city institutions and buildings. The present bonded indebtedness of St. Louis is \$22,400,000, and the tax rate is \$2.19 on the \$100 valuation, which is pretty stiff. As the city collects some \$14,000,000 of revenue a year, a good many will undoubtedly suggest that if the proper economy was practiced, there need not be any deficit in any of the funds.

As already stated, the city is bound to lose more than a quarter million dollars in dramshop licenses the present year, and the probabilities are that this sum will be greatly exceeded. It is costing the city \$82,000 a year more to handle garbage in an unsatisfactory and unsanitary manner than it ever cost before. These two items alone would nearly make good the deficit pointed out by Mr. Player.

There is no reason to believe that the tax-payers of St. Louis will indorse another bond proposition for a long time,

particularly not as long as Rolla Wells is Mayor. It would require a two-thirds affirmative vote to authorize a bond issue, and the chances are that the two-thirds would be in the negative. The last bond issue went through by very questionable methods, after \$15,000 had been handed to a big Democratic boss from World's Fair funds. No one will hand out \$15,000 to secure another issue, and only a very liberal use of money would drive such a proposition through.

The thing for the city officials to do is to cease suggesting more bonds and practice economy. It is not the fault of the city, to be sure, that the Sunday law is being enforced, but it is the fault of city officials that a costly and ridiculous method is in vogue for disposing of city garbage, and that the city is run largely in the interests of a select few to the detriment of the public. The city's expenditures are much greater than they ever were before. It is natural that expenses should increase, but it is also a fact that property valuation increases each year. St. Louis pays taxes on a greater tax rate valuation than Chicago, a fact due to the Illinois laws, which require a one-fifth valuation for taxable purposes, while in this State the law requires a full valuation. This year St. Louisans will pay taxes upon a property valuation of nearly \$450,000,000. C. B. O.

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CLOSE 'EM UP.

New Madrid, July 22d, '05.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

What are we going to do about the bucket shop branches of the big concern in St. Louis? They are breaking merchants, tempting bank officials, making loafers of professional men, spreading a gambling mania that is deadly to business and rotting to character.

MADRIDAN.

(They are going to be closed, and closed tight, and even people who rent premises in which bucket shops are conducted are to be prosecuted and fined if convicted, no matter how nice and respectable and high-toned they may be. Yes, the bucket shops are going to kick the bucket—sure pop.—ED. MIRROR.)

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A Popular Proposition.

An investment proposition that has quickly sprung into popularity is that put forth by the Development Corporation of St. Louis, of which Willard E. Winner is President. The proposition is to make of the old Grant farm, which is situated 2¼ miles southwest of the city, an ideal manufacturing suburb of St. Louis. In order to more quickly secure the funds to make the necessary improvements, the company has given the public an opportunity of becoming stockholders and bondholders in the syndicate, which is to lay out the plot. Each share will earn 6 per cent interest and half the profits made upon the property. The capital required is \$40,000, which is to be divided into 400 shares of \$100 each. A public park and a railway are among the early improvements planned. These are to be utilized as securities for investors.

Summer Theatricals.

Miss Wynne Winslow's singing at Forest Park Highlands, is proving the big drawing card of the programme. Flood Brothers, with their many acrobatic novelties, are the other headliners. The rest of the bill goes with a swing and dash, especially Hurd, the magician. The biograph is unusually good this week, with its "Wanted a Dog" picture. Next week's bill is one of the strongest of the season, especially prepared for the outing of the National Union, Mound City Council, who will take charge of the Highlands on Tuesday evening, and the West End Business Men's Association, who will be there on Thursday, August 3rd. The bill includes the Five Hanlons, the Three Jacksons, Smith and Fuller, James H. Cullen, the McConnell Sisters, Ethel Robinson and the biograph.

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Local Summer Resort.

The lowest temperature and rates in St. Louis at Monticello Hotel. Young men and families a specialty.

✧✧✧

Prof. Nichols, the famous Cornell physician, during the recitation of a freshman class in natural philosophy, observed a tall, lanky youth in a rear seat, his head in a recumbent position, his body in a languid pose, his eyes half closed and his legs extended far out in an adjacent aisle. He was either asleep or about to lose consciousness. "Mr. Frazer," said the great scientist, "you may recite." The freshman opened his eyes slowly. He did not change his somnolent pose. "Mr. Frazer, what is work?" "Everything is work," was the drawling reply. "What! Everything is work?" "Yes, sir." "Then I take it, you would like me and the class to believe that this desk is work?" "Yes, sir," replied the youth wearily. "that desk is woodwork."

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The hot spell was responsible for much prickly heat, and one former resident of the West Indies made himself solid with his friends by advocating burnt flour as a palliative.

The flour is simply stirred in a saucepan over the fire until it is a light brown, and then is applied to the body through a bit of muslin. It is far more effective than ointments, talcum powder and similar remedies, and has, moreover, the virtue of simplicity to commend it.

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Irate Father—See here, you young scoundrel, I heard you kissing my daughter when I came in!

Frank Youth—Pardon me, sir, your wife!—N. Y. Life.

✧✧✧

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband. "No," replied his wife, sweetly: "I've come back for something I remembered."—New Yorker.

✧✧✧

The Cannibal King: "Take that missionary away."

Chef: "What's the trouble, sire?"

"He's tainted."—New York Life.

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Vernis Martin Beds; were \$20.00 now.....\$13.50
White Iron Beds; were \$14.00, now.....\$7.50
Combination Color Beds; were \$13.00, now...\$6.75
Iron Beds; were \$18.00, now.....\$10.00
Iron Beds; were \$10.00, now.....\$6.00
Iron Beds; were \$11.00, now.....\$6.75
Iron Beds; were \$7.50, now.....\$4.50

All That is Best in Furniture We Always Have

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DISTINCTIVE AND EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS IN ALL LINES.

Strawberries Rheumatism

That strawberries are injurious to rheumatic persons is as old a tradition as that tomatoes (love apples) are conducive to love. But against science no tradition is safe. It is now asserted that the strawberry is the "real thing" in food for rheumatics. Linnaeus, it is said, kept himself free from rheumatism by eating strawberries. Fontenelli, another naturalist, attributed his longevity to strawberries. He resorted to them as a medicine and would frequently say: "If I can but reach the season of strawberries."

Borheave is said to have classed the strawberry with the principal red fruit remedies containing iron as well as phosphorous, salt, sulphur and sugar.

It has long been a tradition that the chief demand for horse chestnuts has come from persons who believe in their efficacy as a cure for rheumatism, or at least a palliative in rheumatic affections. Strawberries have heretofore been barred, but if they have all the merits now claimed for them, or indeed, any of the merits, the bars will be down and will stay down permanently.

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A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess

not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other.

The small son quickly grasped the situation, and half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting, "Eny mene miny mo, catch a nigger by the toe." He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister and shouting, "You're it!"—Ladies Home Journal.

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11:00 P. M.	

DAILY	FOR
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Mrs. Upperwell—Ah, Dorothy, why isn't brother Willie at our party, too?
Dorothy—He was a good boy all day, so ma said he needn't come.—*Chicago News.*

The Trusts vs. Metcalfe

The contest between the critic and the Syndicate recalls a story which may be more illuminative than much argument. A certain Irishman had been much troubled by the barking of a neighbor's dog, which generally chose the hour of midnight for the display of his vocal accomplishments.

One bitterly cold night the dog had been more than usually assiduous in serenading the full moon. At last the Irishman leaped from his bed and, "accoutred as he was," rushed out into the night.

About half an hour afterward his wife, who had become uneasy at his protracted absence, opened the window and saw him kneeling in the snow firmly holding the dog in a drift.

"Phwat are ye doin', Mike?" exclaimed the astonished wife.

"Whist, darlin'," responded Mike, "go to bed. I'm freezin' the brute to death!"

Real Diamond Bargains

Diamonds are in greater demand today than ever before. Everybody is anxious to have one. There are any number and kind of stones on the market, but there are not so many that are worth the money asked for them. There is one place, Mermod, Jaccard & King's, Broadway and Locust street, where diamonds of the finest quality are to be had, and at present they are selling at prices lower than ever before. Diamond rings of especially fine workmanship, and with settings of the purest ray, are among the bargains offered—admirable gifts for either lady or gentleman. The prices range all the way from \$10 to \$5,000. An excellent ring, with plain gold mounting and diamond setting, can be purchased at Mermod, Jaccard & King's for \$35. Other rings of fine gold mountings and magnificent stone settings are selling at \$75, \$85, \$100, \$125 and \$150. This is an opportunity for all to secure a handsome ring. The advantage of buying at this house lies in the fact that the best diamonds in the country are handled there and every stone is guaranteed. It is the house with the reputation.

Dick Tate—"Miss Short—Isabel—you have been in my office for two years now, and I have learned to love you better every day. Will you be my wife?"
Isabel Short—"Oh! Mr. Tate, is it fair to ask me to give up a steady position for an uncertainty?"—*Brooklyn Life.*

Ethel—"When does your breach-of-promise suit come into court, Clara?"
Clara (sobbing)—"T-to-morrow." Ethel (consoling)—"I am sorry to see you so overcome, dear." Clara—"Oh, it's nothing, Ethel. I am simply rehearsing for the jury."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Johnny—Pa, what is meant by the submerged tenth?

Pa—That's the proportion of your sister that goes in bathing.



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Thanks For The Gas Company.

The introduction of gas into St. Louis county, which has just been accomplished by the Laclede Gas Company, with the cooperation of the St. Louis County Gas Company, was properly celebrated last Tuesday night at Bristol Hall, Webster Groves, by the citizens of that suburb, Kirkwood, Maplewood and other places. The Gas Company, represented by Mary Lamson Clarke, as hostess, entertained the guests. A good time was enjoyed. There were good things to eat and some speech making during which it was announced that the district south of St. Louis would next receive the service. The citizens of the county extended their thanks and congratulations to the Company for the improvement.

The young woman in the stern of the little boat had whispered softly the word "yes."

"But stay right where you are, Jack," she added hastily. "If you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat."

"How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taking possession of him.

"Why don't you get married, Bob?"

"Why, who would marry such a rake as I?"

"I think Dolly would—she was brought up in a convent you know!"

—*N. Y. Life.*

"Dear pop," wrote the boy from the art school, "don't send me any more money—I have saved half that which you sent me last month." "Come home," wired the old man, "you'll never make an artist."—*Puck.*

Chicago maiden—"I actually started down town yesterday without my over-skirt. Never noticed the omission until I got in the car. Oh, I was so mortified." Boston damsel—"I know just how you felt, dear. I once went out and forgot to put on my glasses."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Alice rushed in from the garden where she had been picking flowers. She was badly stung by a bee, and was holding on to her finger and sobbing pitifully. "Oh, mamma," she cried. "I burned me on a bug!"—*Brooklyn Life.*

Major Rippah—"You can lead a horse to watch, suh, but you can't make him drink."

Col. Cyatah—"Yes, suh. That is the reason hosses are so popular in Kentucky, suh. A noble and sagacious animal!"

His Wife—"They say every man has an ideal woman that he never mentions to his wife."

Her Husband—"Yes, I suppose so—just as every woman has an ideal man that she is everlastingly throwing at her husband's head."

Ethyl—"Did Annette get anything out of her breach-of-promise suit?" Babette—"Nothing at all; the man decided to marry her."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is aged for eight months and bottled direct from storage tanks without coming in contact with the air. Every bottle is sterilized before filling and pasteurized afterwards. Your health can't afford any other. Order from the American Brewing Co.

Beating Transfers

The United Railways Company of St. Louis, successor to the Transit Company, is daily beaten out of many fares. It is a common saying, that, any man who lives east of Eighteenth street holds an annual pass good for a free ride westward during the evening crush. All he has to do is to get on the back platform, and seldom does the conductor reach there until Eighteenth street is passed. Merchants doing business in the vicinity of Chouteau avenue and Broadway can board the Fourth street car west of Broadway and ask for a Broadway transfer, which is given them. They can stay on the Fourth street car until they get uptown and still hang on to their transfer. They can go to bank, transact their business, walk a block over to Broadway, and their transfer is good to take them back to their starting place. And a nickel is all it costs. Again, a man living in the vicinity of Sixteenth street and Cass avenue can board a Lee avenue car downtown and get a transfer to the Cass avenue line, go home, eat his dinner and come back downtown, all for a nickel. These are only instances. The transfer system has been pretty well figured out, but it can be beaten. And it is beaten daily in no small proportions. It is good for the public, but it is tough on the company.—*St. Louis News.*

♦♦♦

Attorney William S. Barnes, of San



"As Ithers See Us"

It is said that if one would see his own faults he should borrow his neighbor's spectacles.

If you would know just what style and fabric looks best on you, you should borrow a good tailor's spectacles.

All our customers gain the benefit of our advice. We have in our employ men whose duty it is to study styles and fabrics—who know by long experience just what kind of a man will look best in any one shade or pattern or style. This advice is not forced on any one—and is given freely to all who desire it. It's only one of the points of satisfaction about MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring service.

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Opposite which is the Post Office, and in which are Phones Main 2617, Main 180 and B 300.

Francisco, has a new office boy. The last boy with whom he was associated resigned a few days ago because the law business did not suit his peculiar temperament. "How long have you been here?" asked Barnes when the small boy made known his intention to engage in a different vocation. "Six months," replied the boy. "And you don't like the law business?" "Naw. It's no good, and I'm sorry I learned it."

♦♦♦

An astronomer does not hail the discovery of a new star with any more enthusiasm than the average physician displays over a new or rare disease. It was in this spirit that Sir Frederick Treves received the account of ailments which a distinguished patient gave him. "Let me congratulate you," he is reported as saying: "you have, you lucky dog, a disease which was thought to be extinct."

♦♦♦

"What is the difference between a practical and a theoretical farmer?"

"A theoretical farmer," answered Farmer Cornloss, "is one that insists on tryin' to make a livin' off the farm, an' a practical one jes' faces the inevitable an' turns the place over to summer boarders."—*Washington Star.*

♦♦♦

Mother (looking at Johnny reproachfully)—Where have you been this afternoon, Johnny?

Johnny (uneasily)—Sunday school.

Mother—Then how is it you smell of fish and are so wet?

Johnny (desperately)—Teacher told us the story of Jonah and the whale.—*The Tatler.*

♦♦♦

"Talking about inventions," said the business man. "I have a little machine in my place that would make me a millionaire if I could only keep it going all the time."

"What is it?"

"A cash register."

♦♦♦

Stubb—Time works changes among the wealthy as well as the poor.

Penn—I should say so. These days the chauffeur knows more family secrets than the butler.

♦♦♦

Barber—"Shall I take a little of the ends of your hair off, sir?"

Customer—"Yes; I think you had better take it off at the ends unless you can get it out of the middle."

♦♦♦

"Did you visit Paris on your trip abroad?"

"Almost."

"Almost? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you see, I had my wife with me."—*N. Y. Life.*

♦♦♦

"Does your paper get out a colored supplement on Sunday?" asked the Northern visitor of Colonel Bloodleigh. "Not at all! The niggers read the same paper as the whites!" replied the distinguished editor.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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Office Desks.

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Nothing Reserved.—Everything Marked in Plain
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She Should Ride Astride

The various arguments against the adoption of the cross-seat include: that it is against the laws of hygiene, that it creates comment, and that the costume necessary to enable a woman to ride astride is not in accordance with society's ideas of propriety in dress.

So far as the question of health is concerned there are more professional medical opinions registered against riding in the side saddle than against the other way of riding, and by just as good authorities, with better arguments against it. Some physicians insist that no woman ought ever to ride, skate, bicycle or take any violent exercise. This is ridiculous, although some women have, no doubt, injured themselves by riding or taking violent exercise inadvisedly or immoderately.

In its favor, it may be claimed for the cross seat that the position is a more comfortable one for both horse and rider; the dress is also more comfortable and safer and may be arranged to appear the same, and that the saddle is infinitely safer for a woman to ride on. The position permits a woman to ride further with less fatigue than she could on the side saddle, to control and cling to her horse better, to get away from the animal more easily in case of a fall, and to do many things, such as to shoot from the saddle, play polo, etc., much better by reason of her position in the saddle.

The danger of the skirt catching on the pommels, the necessity of sitting always too far back on a horse, the unavoidable extra pressure on the left side of the animal, the certainty of the saddle turning if the girths become slack, and the probable injury which the high pommels, or horns, would cause to the rider should she be rolled on, are all avoided by relinquishing the side saddle for the man's.—*Gilmore Purdy in July Outing.*

"Do you think that government ownership would solve all the problems of our civilization?" "No," answered the serene citizen; "but it would create some new ones, and so relieve the monotony."—*Washington Star.*

In a London bookshop a woman wanted a copy of Browning's works. "I haven't got it madam," replied the book-

seller; "I make it a rule never to keep any books I can't understand, and I can't make head or tail of Mr. Browning." Determined to buy a book anyway, the customer asked: "Have you *Praed*, then?" "Yes, madam," quoth the bookseller, "I've prayed, and that doesn't help me."

A Ballade of Verse-making

Out of the bottomless Ocean rift,
The dumb, dead glooms and slimes of it,
The sunlight beckons the aimless drift,
And the moon bespeaks the times of it;
And the storm wind saws at the thundering strings,
Till the breakers bellow the chimes of it—
The close-wrought song that the Ocean sings,
With racing ripples the rhymes of it.

Out of the flaming firmament,
The ringing, singing mint of them,
The scarlet fades and the stars are spent,
One after one the glint of them:
And clear glow here the patterned words,
And dim is there the hint of them,
The hieroglyphs of beasts and birds,
For God to read the print of them.

Out of the wonder of Death and of Life,

Whatever stings or stirs of it,
Splendor of loving, splendor of strife,
The steadfast or perverse of it,—
The blessing or the curse of it,—
The better or the worse of it,—
There is no Word that is spoken to Man,
But Man shall make his Verse of it.

ENVOY.

Princess: this song has an idle tune,—
You must not deem the worse of it:
For it sang in my heart for an hour of June,

And You were mother and nurse of it.

—*Sidney Olivier in London Saturday Review.*

Bottled beer for family use. Purity of the utmost importance. Try A. B. C. Bohemian, purity guaranteed. Order from the American Brewing Co.

She Was Revenged

"The fad of tracing one's ancestors back as far as possible has a firmer hold in the East than in the West," said Mortimer E. Walker of Boston. "One winter I spent some time in a certain Southern city which is noted for its blueblooded and exclusive inhabitants. There was much jealousy in the highest social circles, as there were two factions which desired the honor of being the original grandees. Finally the leader of one faction gathered together a few friends and started a society known as the Daughters of Ferdinand de Soto.

"This was supposed to be the ultra fashionable society of the city, and one by one the aspiring matrons produced the indisputable proof that they were eligible for membership. Finally one of the younger set had the temerity to try and force an entrance into the charmed circle. She was blackballed almost unanimously.

"She determined to be revenged, and to that end did a little real investigating which was more thorough than any ancestor hunt which was ever made in that city. The result of her investigations she made public, and the result was the utter rout of the daughters. For the young woman proved beyond the question of a doubt that Ferdinand de Soto had died a bachelor."—*From the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The Story of the Little Dog

There was a little dog who ran away. "What do you do that for?" asked his owner.

"Because you don't make home pleasant for me," replied the little dog. And so his owner beat him once again, this time within an inch of his life.

"But the astonishing thing about it," said the owner, afterwards, "is that that little dog—he run away ag'in!"

Admiral Togo, when a young man in the 70s, went to England to study naval affairs and impressed everyone with his courtesy and gentleness. So pronounced were these characteristics that on one occasion a domestic servant where he happened to be staying said of him: "Mr. Togo quite annoys himself with his politeness."

ALPS

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Seats on Sale at Bollman Bros., 1120 Olive st.
Foster's, 507 Olive street.

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Only Vaudeville Show in Town

THIS WEEK

MISS WYNNE WINSLOW

Only Smart, Swell Singing in Vaudeville.

FLOOD BROTHERS

Acrobatic Merry Makers.

HURD

The Magician.

EARL AND WILSON

Comedy Musical Act.

COUNT DE BUTZ

Trick Bicycle Rider.

BIOGRAPH

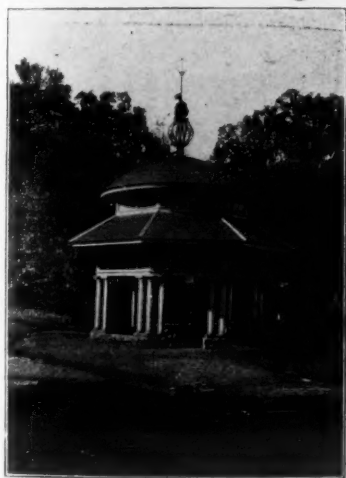
The best of barley and imported Bohemian hops, pasteurization, sterilization, sanitary brewing methods and proper aging in making A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer add 30 per cent to our cost and 100 per cent to your enjoyment. Order from The American Brewing Co.

FRENCH LICK AND ITS WATERS

A vacation spent any where is a boon to the fatigued, be they rich or poor, but a vacation passed amid the beautiful surroundings of French Lick Springs, in Southern Indiana, is the acme of all sane enjoyment. French Lick is one of nature's beauty spots, a place where spring lingers eternally and where health and pleasure always go hand in hand. Within sight of the blue grass fields of Kentucky, these famed waters which bear the name French Lick, gush from the rocks, amid the most charming

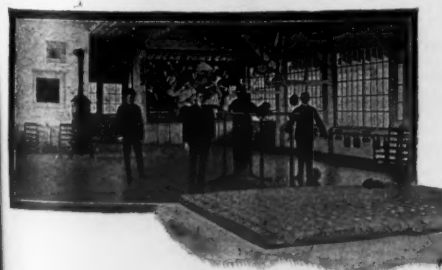


and picturesque surroundings to be found anywhere. Ranges of hills are on either side of them, and beyond are the cool green forests, long vistas of valley and upland, with purling brooks and flowering meadows. These complete the setting for this most delight-

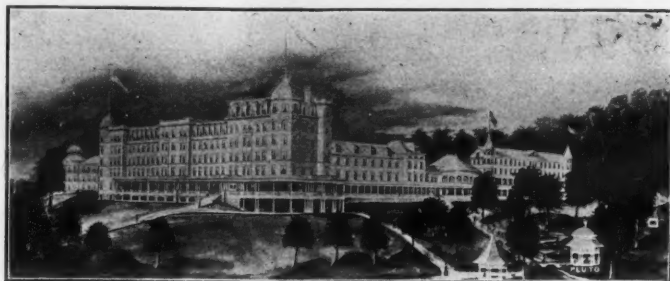


ful of American health resorts. Is it any wonder that it is becoming more and more popular every year? It is an ideal spot to pass away the brief time that may be allotted one to recuperate and enjoy oneself.

French Lick is not merely a summer



resort. It knows no season in particular. Winter and spring are the same



at this chosen spot of nature. The climate never seems to undergo any great change. This is what is attracting thousands of tourists. The resort is easily accessible from all parts of the United States. Situated on the Monon route, the C., I. and L. Railroad, it is but 80 miles from Louisville, midway between Cincinnati and St. Louis, 279 miles from Chicago and 120 miles from Indianapolis. So that nearly all railroads can convey passengers to the spot

The waters have long been known for their wonderful medicinal qualities, and thousands and thousands of per-

consists of the imbibing of the waters, baths and massages. Patients at French Lick are provided with every attention that skilled attendants, trained nurses and masseurs can furnish.

Those who visit the springs for pleasure, winter and summer, find lots of enjoyment. There is nothing wanting to make all comfortable and happy. The French Lick hotel, a delightfully located structure, is thoroughly modern in construction and management, and the rates are reasonable. There is a pretty club house, where special entertainments are frequently given, and where billiards and bowling are the regular attractions. Besides, there are outdoor sports and pastimes—such as horseback riding, driving, golf, tennis, base ball and trap shooting.

In short, French Lick is an ideal



sons throughout America, and Europe, too, can testify to permanent cures and other beneficial results from their use. The springs are three in number, the Pluto, Proserpine and Bowles. All contain about the same elements, but in varying quantities, so that waters suited to maladies in any stage are to be had. French Lick waters are beneficial in

place for pleasure or health. The 10-day round trip rate from St. Louis to



the Indiana resort is only \$8.80; the 90-day round trip rate \$11.60.

♦♦♦

The purity of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is what gives it that fresh, wholesome taste and preserves the natural, delicate flavor of the best barley and imported Bohemian hops. Brewed by exquisitely clean and sanitary methods—every bottle sterilized before filling and pasteurized afterwards. Order from The American Brewing Co.

♦♦♦

nearly all cases. Rheumatism, gastritis, colitis, gout, constipation, obesity, gall stones, skin diseases, nephritis and a host of other less common complaints readily submit to the treatment, which

He—"I was an intimate friend of your late husband. Can't you give me something to remember him by?" She (shyly)—"How would I do?"—Punch.

Don't Wash Your Dog

"Even careful feeding, however, will not give a dog's coat that glow which is such a sure sign of health if he is continually washed with soap and water. Owners who allow their dogs to live in the house are forever washing the wretched animal, and forever complain that his coat is coming out. The oftener the dog is washed and scrubbed the more will his coat leave its trail, and the deader and duller will it look. The health and growth of a dog's coat depends entirely on the natural oil from the skin. As often as the dog is washed, so often is the oil washed out, and so much more is the destruction of the coat. If the dog were brushed every day for five or ten minutes, against as well as with the grain, his coat would not only have a luster, but would cease to distribute itself all over the place, except for a very short time once or twice a year. Besides this, brushing has a stimulating effect on the whole system, helps the blood circulation; by this the digestion, and so the general health.

"As examples of brushing versus washing; I have a dog I showed last June at the Ladies' show at Mineola; he has not been washed since; two others, that were shown at Newport last September, have not been washed since; two others that, were shown at New York last February, have not been washed since, and still another which I have had for a year and a half has never been washed at all. In the warm weather they get plenty of swimming, and in the winter rolls in the snow, or a drenching in the rain, but a good rub-down afterward."—R. F. Mayhew in the Country Calendar.

♦♦♦

A. B. C. Bohemian—an ideal family beer. Guaranteed strictly pure. Brewed exclusively by The American Brewing Co.

♦♦♦

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train; the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake; then looked again, and, frightened, cried, "Oh, what a bad mistake!" I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack; and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back." And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.—Madame.

♦♦♦

"I never knew one woman to buy so much pink baby ribbon to wear; I can't see through it."

"No; but you can see through the shirt waist I am going to wear it under."

♦♦♦

Miss Sinclair—"Wha didn't he mahry dat Coopah gal?" Mr. Frothinham—"Oh, she done flunk at de latest minute—wouldn't lend him a dollar foh t' git de license wif."—Ex.

The Stock Market

There has crept, of late, a light wave of doubt and pessimism over the speculative world of Wall street. Reports of yellow fever at New Orleans, rust in the spring wheat regions of the Northwest, ravages of the boll weevil in Texas, bank failures, the flagitiously disreputable Equitable revelations, and apprehensions of another gigantic anthracite coal strike at the end of the truce period in 1906, all combined to force liquidation and to invite operations on the short side.

Prices yielded quite easily in many instances, thus making it clear that it would not be such a difficult matter to break the entire market, if the bull cliques were to withdraw their artificial support, and the bears, headed by a determined, skilled leader. Among well informed traders, there's no doubt at all about the fictitiousness of values in the majority of instances. The late *la hausse* movement was accompanied by extensive "wash-sale" operations, by the execution of matched orders, tricks time-honored and exceedingly dear to the heart of the stock-jobber. To maintain, as many feather-head critics do these days, that values are on a legitimate basis, is the veriest rot of nonsense. Some stocks there are yet which may be said to be selling at a fair valuation, but these are very small in number. The average Wall street stock is above the level justifying investment purchases. Anybody buying at current quotations takes a great speculative risk, in fact, he may be left high and dry by a receding of the wave of prosperity which may be induced at any time by developments now in the incipient stage, or factors entirely beyond human control and foresight.

The expected happened in the case of the Union Pacific dividend, which has been increased from 2 to 2½ per cent, semi-annually, at the late meeting of the directors. The directors' action had been fully discounted, as was amply proved by the course of the shares'

quotations after the news' announcement. A spasmodic rise to 130 and over was quickly followed by a drop of several notches, caused by heavy realizing sales. The bulls on Union Pacific are, however, as confident of their position as ever. There are operators with a large, impressive following, who will button-hole and inform you that Union Pacific common is worth just as much as if not more than Northern Pacific common, which is gyrating, in a sensationally, brisk way, around 200. They may be right. There's splendid reason to believe that Union Pacific is rapidly developing into the foremost railroad stock of the West, so far as intrinsic investment merits are concerned.

Some chagrin was expressed in the bull crowd over the refusal of the Illinois Central directors to put their shares on a regular 7 per cent basis. The shares lost about 4 points on selling by speculative holders, who had looked forward to a straight semi-annual dividend of 3½ per cent, or an increase to 4 per cent. However, not much of a decline need be feared in these shares. The conservative owner of this stock will be satisfied with the semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent regular, and one-half per cent extra just declared, and particularly so since the price of the shares is at about investment value. Illinois Central is not a speculative favorite, but it is, nevertheless, a good investment. At 167, it pays a little more than 4 per cent, and is, therefore, a decidedly better purchase than New York Central, which latter stock, at its current quotation of 144, yields only a trifle over 3 per cent on the investment. Why Illinois Central should be worth less than Northern Pacific, or St. Paul common, is hard to explain. The owner, who bought it, some time ago, for investment, at about 140, will be wise in hanging on to it for still higher values. He has a solid, growing investment, and no mistake about it. The stock paid regular dividends of six per cent since 1900. In March last, the directors added the first one-half per cent extra. They could readily place the stock on an 8 per cent basis, without making themselves liable to charges of financial mismanagement. Amalgamated Copper is now on a 5 per cent annual basis, the directors, at their late meeting, declaring a quarterly rate of 1¼ per cent. Last February, they ordered a distribution of one-half per cent regular, and one-half extra, and three months later put the stock on a 4 per cent basis by declaring a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. In this instance also, the announcement was followed by a reaction in the price of the shares. There was, however, good buying at the decline, and it is, therefore, to be presumed that the bull clique retains its firm grip on the shares, with the intention of precipitating lively doings at the first favorable opportunity. For the professional gambler, Amalgamated remains an unusually attractive proposition, and for him only. One of the subsidiary companies of the Amalgamated, the Boston

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In addition to other matters, our executive committee, consisting of the president, the vice presidents and three other members of the board of directors, has supervision of trust estates and passes on all investments of trust funds.

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and Montana, declared the regular quarterly dividend of \$10 per share, which represents 40 per cent on the par value of \$25 of these shares. In 1904, this latter company paid out, in addition to the regular dividends, two extra dividends, aggregating 212 per cent, making a total annual distribution to shareholders of \$80 per share. The improvement in the copper trade continues. The past fiscal year's exports disclosed a remarkable gain in shipments of this metal, and prospects for the current year are said to be distinctly favorable for further betterment in conditions.

The rise in cotton prices on this side has had its inevitable effect on English markets, inasmuch as it has caused a cessation of buying by Lancashire spinners. This is much to be deplored by sensible people in this country, especially since the idiotic gambling performances on American cotton exchanges were renewed just at a time when the cotton trade with China and Japan was again showing a surprising enlargement. The figures of British cotton piece goods exports, for the last six months, disclosed a gain of 500,000,000 yards over the same period in 1904. English manufacturers indulge in very cynical comments upon the scandal in our statistical bureaus. The laugh is certainly on us, this time. The level of commodity prices, both in Europe

and America, continues abnormally high. According to the London *Economist*, the average on July 1st was the highest since 1890, with but one exception. The "index-number," on the date named, was 2,163, which compares with 2,136 in 1904, and 2,111 in 1903. On July 1st, 1900, it was 2,211, and on July 1st, 1890, it stood at 2,259. The last fifty years' top notch was reached in 1863, when the figure was 3,787. The opinion uttered by a well-known French economist that the present high level of commodity prices is the result, chiefly, of the growing output of gold, cannot be held to be irrational, though that high authority is evidently making the mistake of attaching too little importance to the influence of market manipulation *a l'Americaine* on the average level of commodity prices.

Last Saturday's bank statement was disappointing, as it showed a considerable shrinkage in surplus reserves, and a large increase in the loan item.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things speculative, are very quiet. Midsummer dullness prevails on the St. Louis stock exchange. Prices in the past week, remained about steady. In most cases quotations are merely nominal, no shares having changed hands for some time. Brokers report a slightly better demand for choice investment bonds. The local financial community

and investment circles continue affected, to a wholesome degree, by the unpleasant results of the boom times of 1901-3. The real estate craze, it would seem, is on the wane. For many who fell victims to it the period of worry and anxiety is fast approaching.

In the bank and trust company group utter dullness prevails. A small lot of Bank of Commerce sold at 332½. Missouri-Lincoln is quoted at 139 bid, 139½ asked. Other shares of this class were barely mentioned. For the nonce, there's no inquiry for them worth speaking of. Laclede Gas 5s, of \$100 denominations, were in some demand lately, changing hands at 109¾. Brewing 6s found purchasers at 101½. A lot of \$2,000 Union Depot Railway 6s went at 117, and United Railway 4s are purchasable at 87, a decline of about ¼ of a point compared with a week ago.

United Railways preferred is selling, in a small way, at about 80½, and the common has dropped to 28½ bid, 29 asked. Would-be purchasers of these shares are patiently waiting for concessions.

Banks report a good business for this time of the year. Last week's clearances were \$53,218,891, as against \$46,018,157 for the corresponding week in 1904. Interest rates remain unchanged. New York drafts are lower, being 10 cents discount bid, par asked. Sterling is quoted at 4.87½, Berlin exchange at 95.15, and Paris at 5.16½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

R. N., Warrensburg, Mo.—Realty shares a most doubtful proposition as a purchase. Let them alone. Sell your Car preferred.

K. L. J., Waco, Tex.—Don't fool with Pacific Mail. Stock merely the football of gamblers. Would take profits on Texas and Pacific.

M. P.—Would not advise investment in Central Leather 5s, nor in Tobacco 4s. Waterworks bonds not as desirable as school bonds, by any means.

♦♦♦

This is said to be Maud Adams' favorite story: A negro, name unknown, but called "Culpepper Pete," who, being enamored of some dusky maiden, and not having the courage to "pop" face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. When he got the proper party on the line he asked: "Is dat Miss Johnsing?" "Ya-as." "Well, Miss Johnsing, I've got a most important question to ask you." "Ya-as." "Will you marry me?" "Ya'as. Who is it, please?"

♦♦♦

Beer with snap, sparkle and life—retaining all the richness of the imported Bohemian hops and goodness of the finest barley. Eight months of aging—the natural color of the product—scientific cleanliness and perfect purity, make A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer deliciously good. Order from The American Brewing Co.

♦♦♦

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Margaret's Victory

BY ROBERT MACE.

Margaret Flaglor was in great distress. She had been married just a year, and the period seemed like one long, romantic honeymoon. Not until to-day had there been the slightest occasion for tears.

At this moment she was shedding them copiously—large, bitter tears, and her lithe frame shook with emotion. She was on the verge of hysteria. Presently she caught a view of her face in a mirror, and she was startled at the sadness of her tip-tilted nose. Never before had she appeared so ugly to herself. The shock brought her to her senses and superinduced composure.

Margaret Flaglor was a woman of piquant beauty, and she was proud of its power. Moreover she was old enough—nearly thirty—to be aware of the importance of preserving it. So she dried her eyes, called the powder-puff into requisition to remove the traces of the mental and emotional disturbance.

It was a letter. It had fallen out of her husband's pocket that morning, and she, not dreaming that Tom Flaglor had any secrets from her, read it.

Margaret Flaglor was proud of her scrupulous nature, and she abhorred wives who read their husband's letters surreptitiously, but she had persuaded herself that she should read this one to see whether it was merely one of those advertising communications that burden the mails, or a letter that should be kept for her husband.

Her action, she explained to herself, was impulsive and prompted by no vulgar curiosity or idle suspicion. As it was in a man's handwriting she had no reason for suspicion.

The writer was Tom Flaglor's old bohemian chum, Walter Sparrow, a confirmed young bachelor, *bon vivant*, and something of a rake. It was a brief note and to the point.

"Dear Tom:

"The two show girls, Dolly and Maud, who were out here with the Weber & Field company, are back again. Met them on the street. Maud asked about you and was surprised to learn you had married. Have made a date for Thursday night at Marchoni's to crack a few bots and revive a recollection or two. Join us like a good fellow. 'Phone for particulars. Walter.

"I always did suspect that fellow, Sparrow," soliloquized Margaret Flaglor. "I wonder why bachelors prefer to conduct their amours in crowds."

Then she dropped into a deep brown study. She wondered whether Tom would accept the invitation. Her confidence in him had never been shaken, but she had heard her friends say that the best of husbands can only be depended upon so long as they are able to avoid temptation.

♦

On Thursday evening Mrs. Margaret Flaglor was in a state bordering on nervous excitement. She had never given her husband the slightest hint of her familiarity with the Sparrow letter,

and Tom had never mentioned the subject.

His failure to do so she interpreted as evidence of his intention to partake of the little supper at Marchoni's. Otherwise, she argued, he would not have kept the matter a secret.

He came home to dinner as usual Thursday evening, and found his wife more radiantly beautiful than ever. It did not occur to him that her toilette was more elaborate than usual. He did not remark the deeper than normal redness of her lips, the ultra-whiteness of her neck, the graceful length and breadth of the unconcealed section. Even the accentuation of the shading of her large, lustrous eyes impressed him not, for Mrs. Flaglor was a woman of artistic temperament, and she possessed a delicate touch and fine sense of symmetry.

It was an artistic blending of the several beauties of feature that appealed in the ensemble to the appreciative husband.

And thus was the technic of the artistic wife vindicated.

That evening at dinner Mrs. Flaglor was in her most vivacious mood. Intensity, the old passionate intensity of former days, had relit and was gleaming in her eyes.

Tom Flaglor was affected by it.

Margaret Flaglor had renewed the conquest of her husband. She awakened in him the febrile sentiment that stirred him the first time he ever took her into his arms.

It would be unwarranted flattery to say that this renaissance of domestic passion was due entirely to the influ-

ence of Mrs. Flaglor's personality, dazzling though it was on this particular evening.

Margaret possessed an instinct for dramatic effects. She had set the scene for the action, and no detail was scorned. Even the lights were shaded and distilled through paper, tinted appropriately.

And that Tom should yield more readily to the glamour of the scene, his system was toned with a menu calculated to put him in touch with the atmosphere.

From soup to nuts this home dinner was a great spectacular success.

At the fish Tom said that he had intended to go to the club.

Margaret looked at him poutingly.

"And you had to go to Sacramento on business last night," she said.

"That's so, sweetheart, I had forgotten."

At the cheese he was asked if the engagement at the club was imperative.

"Oh, no, dear," was the reply, "I can put it off."

"I'm so glad," said Margaret, and her eyes flashed a flash of victory. "You see, this is the anniversary of our marriage, and I should hate to be left alone to-night."

Friday morning Tom Flaglor met Walter Sparrow on his way to the office.

"Glad you pulled that little supper off Wednesday night instead of Thursday," he said.

"Why?"

Thursday night was the anniversary of my marriage, and I couldn't have broken away from home that night."

"Lucky dog," said Sparrow.

Is Oscar Wilde Alive?

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

There is a rumor afloat so sensational that I hardly dare to express it, namely, that the author of "De Profundis" is not dead at all, but that he either lives the life of a recluse in the bosom of the all-embracing Church, or, according to another version, that he is at this very moment in the City of New York. I cannot vouch for the truth of this report: I can only relate exactly how I came to hear of it and what reason there may be to believe that it is more than "the stuff that dreams are made of." I am aware that what I shall say has the thrill of the melodrama, and for that reason will be doubted by many who do not know the truth of the old platitude that truth is stranger than fiction and that, though it may imitate art, it often surpasses the latter.

It was during the intermission at one of our fashionable theaters. The conversation for some reason or other had turned on Wilde. A very charming and clever woman, well known in the circles of the Sunrise Club, spoke to me softly: "And have you not heard . . . they whisper . . . among those who know . . . that Oscar Wilde is not dead at all . . . that the monks in a Spanish cloister have taken him under their shelter . . . that he is dead to the world only . . . but . . ." and she raised her finger to her lips . . . "they whisper . . ." I was speechless. The music seemed to come as from a far distance. . . . The actors danced past my eyes like shadows. . . .

That was three months ago. But recently I received a very forcible reminder of the same rumor (for so we must still call it), which left me simply agast. I had been asked by a German friend, the translator of "Salome" into that language, to buy for him, if possible, a copy of the "Duchess of Padua," one of Wilde's earlier plays, which I understand, was even performed in New York, but no copy of which seems procurable through the ordinary channels.

So I called at a well-known bookshop, where once before I had seen a number of letters which the unfortunate poet had written to Smithers, his publisher. One passage especially clung to my memory. . . . "You have a very forcible way to remind me of my loss of power and position. . . . But this is a mathematical problem. These I have never been able to solve. When it was a romantic problem I succeeded—only too well. . . ." Recalling these letters it seemed reasonable that here I might be able to obtain the information desired. In ordering some books and inquiring for the one I mentioned, I had occasion to speak a little while to one of the clerks, whom I know to be a sincere and intelligent man. I cannot tell how it came about, but, prompted by a sudden caprice, I said significantly, as it were in italics: " . . . It is said that Wilde has not died at all. . . ." When I had said these words the young man looked

at me curiously. Then he said, as if confident that I was one of the part-takers of a great secret: "I know, for I saw him only two weeks ago." "Is it possible? But where?" "Right here in New York." "On the street?" "No, not on the street." "Did you try to speak to him?" "I did, for ten minutes. And I have hardly ever heard a talker more brilliant, or one more sparkling with wit." "Are you sure that it was he?" "It could have been no other, but I asked no questions. . . ." My curiosity seemed to arouse his suspicions. "You want to establish the facts in the case, I see." And from that moment it was impossible to draw another word from him. In fact, he seemed to regret having forgotten himself so far.

For all that I have said hitherto I could account in any court. What follows is not conclusive evidence, but is based on conjecture. Readers of "De Profundis" will remember that Mr. Wilde said in that remarkable revelation—less remarkable, perhaps, only, than the "Ballad of Reading Gaol"—that after his release from prison it was his intention to write such work as would justify him and the artistic temperament.

It was clear that the world would never forgive the living, but might it not forgive the dead? And if now, crowned with a world's admiration, he should come back, would it not pardon the re-arisen poet who had died at least one death for his sin? If he came back at this moment there would be a flutter and a stir, there would be indignation at the ruse, but nevertheless he would be on a much stronger footing than in those well-remembered days when, an outcast and an exile, he left England forever. For meanwhile "Lady Windemere's Fan" has been staged both here and in England, "De Profundis" has made a deep and lasting impression, and the poet is, as I said, famous, all over the world, not, as at one time, merely notorious.

This leads me to another point of interest. Any one who has had the opportunity to watch the Wilde movement on the continent, especially in Germany, where it is at present, without exaggeration, the leading movement of the day, could have noticed that this boom, to call it so, began and increased in such a way that it is easily conceivable that a mind, a master's will, was behind it all. Translations were published of "Dorian Gray," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and some of the essays. Sherard's book, "The Story of an Unhappy Friendship," which, to be sure, deals more with Mr. Sherard than with Mr. Wilde, appeared in German. "Salome," that gruesome and subtle bit of tragedy, passed over a hundred different German stages. "An Ideal Husband," "Lady Windemere's Fan," "The Importance of Being Earnest," and others, followed. Yet access to such works as the author himself had not cared to recognize in ripper years, as "The Duchess of Padua," was jealously guarded. And finally "De Profundis" was published in the *Neue Rundschau* of Berlin, before it appeared in this country.

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The translator stated that the time for the publication of this extraordinary human document in England had not yet come.

We see that those who had Mr. Wilde's interest at heart proceeded in their customary way. The German publication was a *ballon d'essai*. Would this not lead one to believe that if there was a *deus* behind all this *machina*, his secret purpose was to return to England wreathed with continental laurels?

It is also necessary to mention another point, perhaps trifling in itself, but surely a strong link in the chain of circumstantial evidence: In the German translation of "De Profundis" there is one sentence which I saw quoted in an article *Oscar Wilde als Buesser*, and which is, curiously enough, omitted in the English edition. I translate literally: ". . . as a revenant, in the French phrase, as one whose face has become gray and distorted with pain [I return.] Terrible as are the dead when they rise from their graves, the living that come back from the grave are far more terrible. . . ." Why is this sentence left out? There is nothing in it to shock even an Anglo-Saxon conscience. It is powerful; it is suggestive; it is beautiful, and can have been omitted purposely only for one reason, namely, that a personal application to its author could have been made.

The question now arises: How could it have been done? It is known that Mr. Wilde's knowledge of French approached perfection. In fact he seems to have mastered it as absolutely, to judge from "Salome," as his native tongue,—for that play was written in French for Sarah Bernhardt. He could easily have grown a beard and lived in some little town in Southern France or, as one report suggests, in a Spanish monastery, without being known, perhaps with the wish of never being known, and of passing the rest of his life as a silent looker-on. There would have to be accomplices, of course. But we know that only a few friends attended his funeral. His family took no part in it. And so it is possible that under that grave in Paris, over which Lord Alfred Douglas, the only friend of the unhappy poet, who never deserted him, wrote the following:

*Meis verbis nihil addere audebant
Et supra illos stillabat eloquium meum.*
(They have dared to add nothing to my words,

And above them flowed my eloquence.)—that in this grave there sleeps some poor beggar or some honest bourgeois who never dreamed that he should rest in a poet's tomb.

Finally, to come to that evidence which would count least in a court of law, but which seems more important to me than anything that I have said before, because it deals with Wilde's psychology. Was not this brilliant lover of the paradoxical capable of making his very life and death a paradox,

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"'Tom Jones,' sir; he cried, twirling his mustache. 'I read it when I was a boy, when I kept other bad company, and did other low and disgraceful things, of which I'm ashamed now. Sir, in my father's library I happened to fall in with that book, and I read it in secret, just as I used to go in private and drink beer, and fight cocks, and smoke pipes with Jack and Tom, the grooms in the stables. As for that Tom Jones—that fellow that sells himself, sir—by Heavens, my blood boils when I think of him. I wouldn't sit down in the same room with such a fellow, sir.'—Colonel Newcome in The Newcomes.

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and in the phrase of a Greek poet, "to be and not to be, not being to be." And was not the Unexpected, the Sensational, the element in which he loved to move in life and art? And would it not be quite in accordance with his character to carry to the last point of consistency the Christ pose, blasphemous perhaps, which he adopted especially in his last book, "De Profundis," and from his tomb to roll the stone and rise from the dead?—From the July number of the Critic.

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